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ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

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DECEMBER, 1954

LORIA

*Litterae Oblectamen Romanorum
In Aeternum*

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

Volume XXXI, Number 1

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IMPEDIMENTA

one day i saw a:

*sad fly, mad fly, butting battered crown against the pane
missing freedom only inches downward
buzzing ineffectual refrain.*

poor:

*caught fly, distraught fly, can't see clearly in despair
window shines and so it's good
its not, but looks like garden air.*

i said to it:

*muddled fly, befuddled fly, open thy eyes and look below
at window glass that's not quite fast
an open fly-high space doth show.*

poor:

*mired fly, so tired fly, legs grow numb and wings go slower
end is nigh and drawing nearer
falling sillward lower, lower—*

when suddenly:

*gail fly, oh! glad fly,
eureka!!!*

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ANN FALLERT '55

THE WORKERS

MARY E. SHEA '55

It was a Saturday morning and Pat was going to work. The subway station was dimly lighted and had a cool damp smell. She slowly breathed in the delicious dampness and ran buoyantly down the stairs to the lower platform.

Pat looked like any ordinary, intelligent, healthy American college girl. She wore her tweed suit in an easy fashion and held her head and shoulders confidently. Her alert eyes curiously scanned the world and it was obvious that she was enjoying to the fullest her first significant taste of life.

Like everything else she did, Pat made an adventure out of going to work. All week long she thought of her Saturday job as just another interesting extra-curricular activity. Just yesterday, she had talked about her attitude toward work with Lois, one of her friends at college. At lunch, they had somehow drifted into a discussion of part time jobs.

"But why do you bother to work on Saturdays", Lois had asked. "The little money you make doesn't seem to me to compensate for losing a whole day. There are always so many things to do on Saturdays."

"I may be odd, but I really feel that the more things a person has to do, the more she can do," Pat answered. "Besides, I don't feel quite so parasitic at home when I earn a little money."

"Well, there's something to that," Lois admitted, "but how can you stand to file all day? I couldn't bear that monotony for all the money in the world. To me, it's a barbaric enslavement of the mind." Lois made the last statement in a tone of authoritarian disdain.

Pat tried not to appear superior or pedantic in her next remark but she feared she didn't succeed.

"That's true, Lois. It's an enslavement all right—but only where there's something to enslave." She paused to organize her thoughts. "The barbarism is completely lost on most of the girls in my office. As for me, I think the experience of having had such a job is somehow worth the drudgery."

Right now Pat had completely forgotten that conversation. She shot a few quick glances over the subway platform to see if there was anyone around whom she knew. There wasn't a single familiar face. Disappointed, for she felt like talking this morning, Pat searched for a penny

in her shoulder bag and banged a pack of gum out of the beat up machine hanging on one of the equally beat up pillars. After opening the gum, she scrutinized her image in the cracked and dirty mirror.

There was still no sound of the train and Pat began to regret running. But on the other hand, she felt there was certainly nothing worse than missing a train. To pass the time, she strolled over to the newsstand and looked over the available literature. As always, she was impressed by the complete assortment of nothing. Having purchased an embarrassed copy of *Time*, she stood slowly flipping its pages.

A faint rumbling finally started somewhere deep in the tunnel and the train appeared in a rush of deafening noise. The doors opened and Pat was glad it wasn't crowded. She picked a corner seat, rested her elbow on the window ledge and opened the magazine.

Pat gave herself completely to her reading and the jerking motion of the train. She didn't look up until the train emerged from underground on to the bridge and a ray of blinding sunlight flashed across her page. Through the murky window, she watched the lazy barges make a pattern on the East River. This part of the river was bordered on both sides by numerous coal yards and massive oil tanks. She could never tell by just looking at this section what time of year it was unless the river was frozen. There wasn't a single tree or bush or human being in sight.

The train went back into the tunnel and as the doors opened at the next stop, Pat looked up again. She watched a young couple enter and sit across the aisle. The man, a soldier, was thin and worried looking. His wife, also thin and unimaginatively dressed, clutched a bundled infant in her arms. The little group loudly spoke to Pat of imprudence and disillusionment. She pitied them but she knew they didn't deserve her sympathy—they hadn't been able to see beyond the narrow present.

Pat openly stared at them and brooded until her stop came. After a last inquiring look, she left them and the subway and came out into the daylight. It was still early and the city was clean and quiet. Walking down Fifth Street, she admired the cleanliness and sturdiness and constancy of the limestone skyscrapers. The sun

hit their many windows and vibrantly bounced back in golden flashes. At Sixth Avenue, she heard a lonely trumpet playing in a second story rehearsal studio. She stopped, listened intently and tried to recall the name of its melody. She had heard it so often . . . and couldn't remember.

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At first I thought I'd die and after that I was sure that I'd cry. But I didn't. Oh no I didn't. I didn't cry then. I waited 'till now.

You see I was the youngest one there and I didn't. I just couldn't let them think I was a baby. Oh Jackie was no help. He knew everyone there and I didn't know anyone but him and I hate him. I just plain hate him to pieces. I know I liked him yesterday but now I hate him more than anything.

No I looked all right. May I have a handkerchief please. I looked nice. I had the prettiest dress at the party. At least I liked it the best. Of course there was another girl there who had on a nice dress. It was black. It didn't have any sleeves and the skirt of it was very wide and it stuck out all around. She was old though. You know every time she talked to any of the boys they laughed and they all wanted to be her partner all the time. She had long blond hair and there was a bow in it that matched the material of her dress. One of the boys though didn't pay any attention to her. I think he was her brother. He told me that I was the prettiest little thing at the party. I guess he meant that I was even prettier than the girl in the pink dress. I thought the pink dress was nicer than the black one but I guess no one else did.

You know what the boy said to me? He said: "Are there any more at home like you?" I said that my mother and my sister were just like me. He didn't believe me I guess. He laughed and laughed and then he said: "Listen my little doll, they couldn't have eyes as big and wide as yours." Wait I'll tell in a second. Wait a minute. I want to look in the mirror. Do my eyes look different than other peoples? Oh—they look the same to me. What? Oh no. I didn't mind when he said that. He was nice. He danced with me. He even said he hoped he'd see me next year when I could go to Confraternity at night. I don't hate him. I just hate Jackie. You just don't know what happened.

That girl in the black dress said she wanted to play a new game. No one knew just how it went but they all liked her and so they did whatever she said. She made us all sit around in a circle. I guess some people knew what would happen because they were whispering and laughing. Three of the girls wouldn't sit down and the girl in the black dress said they were yellow. She was the only one there with high heels on and her stockings had a black seam. When she stood up she was taller than some of the boys but she was the best dancer and they all danced with her anyway. But that was before the game.

I didn't want to be in the game because I didn't know what to do but I didn't know the girls who wouldn't sit down and I felt funny sitting by myself. If anyone ever knew that I never went to a party with a boy before and didn't know what to do I really would have died. But oh it was awful. Do you know what they made me do? They called my name and I had to stand in the middle of the circle. Jackie had to stand there too. Oh Mamma, I hate him. Oh Mamma—THEY MADE ME KISS HIM!!!!!!

SNOW TIME

*Silently whirling
Breathlessly twirling,
Each pearl white flake sings a majestic song.*

*Marvelously flying,
Gloriously sighing,
A diamond blanket envelops a lonely pine.*

*Graciously dancing
Gently prancing,
Each soft silvery speck awakens a crystal wonderland.*

Mathematicians are generally supposed to be ivory towered individuals interested in nothing but involved equations and complicated formulas. But those who stay with math at least through the calculus discover to their surprise that this unappreciated subject has many intriguing corners in it. One of these less erudite corners has been dusted out to form the basis of the cover for this issue of *Loria*.

The snowflakes dancing on the cover are actually three stages in a curve known appropriately enough to mathematicians as the "snowflake curve." The curve is born as an ordinary equilateral triangle (note for English majors who are still reading this: an equilateral triangle has three equal sides). This primitive stage is really artistically uninteresting so we have not bothered to depict it.

The second stage of the curve is achieved by first trisecting each side of the equilateral triangle. Then on the middle trisection of each side, we erected a small equilateral triangle pointing outward. After erasing all superfluous construction lines—and there are many—the curve looks like the top snowflake on *Loria's* cover. Incidentally, this stage serves as the familiar Star of David.

The second snowflake also began its career as an equilateral triangle. But this triangle was slightly larger than the one used as base for the first snowflake. After again erecting the little equilateral triangles, we repeated the original process by trisecting each side of the *little* equilateral triangles. On the middle thirds of these sides, we constructed still smaller equilateral triangles.

The third snowflake is the product of much eyestrain and some mighty fancy compass work. Again, we started with an equilateral triangle slightly larger than the one used for the preceding snowflake. (Mathematical terminology could come in handy here but we bow to the fact that this is a literary magazine.) After erecting the first set of little triangles, as in the first snowflake, and the second set on the sides of the first, as in the second snowflake, we trisected the sides of the second set. Let us assure you that trisecting a line that's about a half inch long can be quite nerve-racking. And . . . not only did we have to trisect this miniature length but we had to continue the process by constructing a third set of little triangles with the *trisection* as a side. The result of this painstaking procedure is the fourth stage of the curve or our third snowflake. Theoretically, this process of trisecting and erecting still smaller equilateral triangles could go on infinitely but physically we could stand no more!

If any of you are still with us on this explication, you're probably wondering why we didn't use the same size equilateral triangle as the base for each snowflake. Certainly, it would then have been easier to contrast the different stages of the curve. Well, our answer to that is twofold.

First of all, from a purely practical viewpoint, it would have been impossible to construct the third set of little triangles on a base as small as that used for the first snowflake. Twenty-five cent compasses will do just so much!

In an effort to justify our pragmatic first reason, we can also state an aesthetic cause for the different sizes of the snowflakes. As the mathematical snowflake falls to earth, it not only continuously generates little triangles according to a fixed geometric pattern but it also gets closer and closer to the observer. Q.E.D.—oops, our math is showing—hence, the snowflake appears increasingly larger to the observer.

If we might come back to the mathematicians again, they describe this curve as a "pathological specimen." Their reason for this disparaging description is that the snowflake curve has a finite area but an infinite length. In other words (and we think we had better use other words), this curve could be placed on a definitely defined locality such as a postage stamp—and no matter how long we carried on the triangle constructions on the same base, the curve would never fall off the stamp. But, at the same time, its length is rapidly increasing with each new set of equilateral triangles. So, the curve's area is confined or limited while its perimeter is increasing without limit.

With that, we leave you to figure out how a pathological specimen from the unsolved cases of mathematics came to decorate the cover of a literary magazine.



MUSINGS ON THE MUSES



ANN FALLERT '55

On First Looking into Péguy's Poems

I am their father, says God. Our Father who art in Heaven.
My son told them often enough that I was their father.
I am their judge. My son told them so. I am also their father.
I am especially their father.

This is the way "A Vision of Prayer," one of Charles Péguy's religious poems, begins. It is quiet and moving and beautiful as is all his poetry. And it is made up of words spoken by God. Péguy envisions God as a majestic Father with a compassion toward men, a sense of humor and a definite leaning toward mercy rather than justice. God speaks, and the reader feels with awe and wonderment that this is truly what God might say if he could speak—Péguy's use of the basic and unadorned language of the French peasant to voice the profound ideas of a poet results in poetry of great clarity and directness, poetry that is deceptively simple. A startling impact is created by an almost hypnotizing repetition and slight regrouping of key phrases that are perfectly apt in expressing the poet's idea. Péguy is vitally concerned with the concepts of night, sleep and Hope, and their interrelation. God describes night as:

An image, a feeble image, and a promise and a realisation before-
hand of the bed of all the hours,
An anticipated realisation, a promise held in advance
While waiting for the bed of all hours,
In which I, the Father, will put my creation.

A Midautumn Night's Outing

One of the most pleasant moments in October was a visit to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Met . . . A great many critics frowned on the Old Vic Company's production as being bad Shakespeare. In describing it, they used the term "spectacle" as if it were a dirty word. Ignoring them, I went to see for myself and must admit that I enjoyed the spectacle immensely. I was thoroughly entertained and I don't believe that Shakespeare was maligned at all. Puck performed his mischievous pranks just as an airy sprite should, Moira Shearer and Robert Helpmann were a joy to watch as they danced to Mendelssohn's music, the two pairs of lovers enacted their trials engagingly, and Bottom, the clown, was delightful when cavorting in his ass's head. However, the high point of comedy arrived in the last act when Bottom and his fellows presented their hilarious version of the tragic love tale of Pyramus and Thisbe. Unlike the critics, I wasn't even disturbed when Oberon and Titania flew (mechanically, of course) into the wings of the stage at the end of the play. After all, how else can fairies get around?

Of Mice and Marlon

While watching "On the Waterfront" I was deeply impressed and really caught up in the deplorable situation which it depicts. However, after a searching backward glance, some parts of the picture do seem to have been overdone. This ultra realistic picture is just oozing with primitive emotions and Marlon Brando makes the most of them. Despite his punch drunk gaping, his thick speech and his slow mental reactions, it is evident that underneath all of these superficialities we are beholding a very noble character. His better nature is indicated through his loving proprietorship of a roof top pigeon coop. With such a start, he is easily converted to the side of good, and finally leads his frightened fellow dock workers to a triumphant rebellion against the corrupt and bloody-handed union. From reading journalistic accounts of the city's waterfront conditions, I imagine that it is possible that all the individual events have a basis in fact. However, when they are all lumped together in such a short space of time, they are really too much to believe. Nevertheless, probable or not, it's a wow of a movie!

Remembrance of Shows Past

The late and lamented 'Show of Shows,' which held the television boards so happily for so many years, was for me one of T.V.'s few valid *raison d'etres*. The team of Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, which was the primary cause of the show's success, has sadly split asunder. Each has started the present season with a solo show which in each case only succeeds in reminding one of how much better they were when they were working together. Naturally, both Mr. Caesar and Miss Coca attempted new and different formats on their first shows, but both were forced to return to the same type of routines that they immortalized on their T.V. alma mater. They can still produce comic moments, such as one of Miss Coca's satiric ballets, or one of Caesar's lampoons of Hollywood epics. But, no matter what they do alone, they can't quite reach the hilarious heights to which they rose as a complementary and priceless team.

Art for Students' Sake

At this point, summer is of faint and happy memory. However, in this corner, a few vivid and as yet untold artistic recollections still linger. One of the most impressive was a pilgrimage to the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival in Massachusetts. This august institution is situated at the end of myriad highways, byways and a rough and narrow dirt road. Upon reaching the destination, one discovers that the main building is a rather dilapidated barn which conscientiously strives to keep up that popular starving-but-dedicated-artist look. Jacob's Pillow is primarily a school, and the public entertainment phase of its operation is designed as the last step in the dancer's education. The actual dance performance (by professionals, not students) is intended to show what the endless hours of practicing technique and choreography will produce. As an afterthought, the public is also admitted, the price of their tickets going to support the school and faculty. This basic function of Jacob's Pillow was imparted to the audience by the Festival's originator and present director, Ted Shawn, who though in his middle sixties, looks and acts as if the fountain of youth were secreted somewhere underneath the ancient barn.

Oh, to Be an Oriental, Whenever Summer's Here!

Another pleasant summer memory lies in the field of architecture. This was an excursion through the authentic, traditional Japanese house, designed by Junzo Yoshimura, which was erected in the garden of the Museum of Modern Art. The essential characteristics that individuate Japanese architecture are the skeleton frame construction, with isolated columns supporting the roof, and walls which are composed of sliding screens of paper or wood. The Japanese do not use furniture as we think of it. They do have low tables, chests of drawers, and bedding, but they are all stored out of sight when they are not actually in use. It is typical of a Japanese house to display a close relation between indoor and outdoor areas. There was an enclosed and beautifully landscaped garden which represented a Buddhist image of Paradise with heaven symbolized by a mountain-like mound in the middle of a pool of water. All these characteristics result in a strong impression of spaciousness, light, coolness and a pervading serenity. To add to the general atmosphere the tourists were required to remove their shoes and to don paper sandals in order to protect the delicate rice-straw mats which covered the floor. What a perfect place to spend a hot N. Y. summer!

A NEIGHBORHOOD STUDY

ELENA COBAN '55

My neighborhood can be sociologically termed the working man's section of the city. It is in the "black belt" and has elements of the "vice area." The neighborhood is noted as a low rent area, however, one can pay \$17.00 a week for a single room. Apartments are rented for from sixty to one hundred dollars per month. It is in the middle of the richest and the poorest of this section. On the main street there are apartments over stores. The tenants depend on little oil stoves for heat, and in general, living conditions are very poor. The rest of the homes are either apartment houses or two and three family houses. Here living conditions run from tolerable to middle class standard. In spite of the apparent poverty, television aerials and shiny new cars are quite numerous.

Those who own their homes are what might be classed as upper middle class for this area. The trend seems to be to buy a car after the house has been secured. These people are professional workers such as teachers, dentists, doctors, social workers, certified public accountants, and lawyers.

Then there are the tenants who are aiming toward the upper middle class status. They save their money in order to buy a house and they store furniture in their small apartments anticipating the day when they will own a home. These people are Civil Service and Government employees, clerks and some own small shops. There are tenants who work chiefly to maintain the barest necessities of life. They are the dock workers, domestic help, factory workers. Some of these homes have refrigerators, telephones and television sets. To further illustrate their standard of living some families still have ice delivered for their old fashioned ice boxes, and they go to the Bar and Grill to watch television. Pay phones in the candy store satisfy any need for phoning.

There seems to be an accepted class system among my neighbors. Those with a good education and good paying jobs are held in high esteem. If you own a home and keep it well, you remain in this category. There also seems to be a good many people from the West Indies in this section. Unless they adjust themselves to the dress and speech habits of Americans

they are the source of many a joke. However, they are also considered "smarter" than the American Negro because they know how to save money, and because they are social climbers. The poorest and most illiterate Negroes are, as might be expected, considered lower class. The few white people that still live in the neighborhood are considered to be in a class apart.

Color is a great factor in the stratification system, although, let me say here, these classifications are for the most part unconscious. The whiter or lighter you are, the more prestige you have. With girls, a fine quality of hair is enviable. Good speech is also a factor.

The neighborhood used to be inhabited by middle class white people. Then the middle class Negro began to "invade" the area. The older generation seem to feel that a larger number of the people came from the South and from the downtown section of Brooklyn. The latter were forced to give up their homes in order to make room for a fast-growing commercial area. Migrations from Manhattan, Jamaica, New York, and as I mentioned before, the West Indies make up the remaining elements on the inward migrations. There also seems to be a movement out to better homes such as the housing developments. G. I.'s are taking advantage of their opportunities and are buying homes in St. Albans and other points on Long Island. They also buy lots of land in Hicksville. This is an interesting thing I think. The buying is done in a group to prevent building a home next to neighbors one does not like or who do not like you. The West coast and California are popular with people who have had an opportunity to travel, or with railroad employees.

Family life is a problem in this area. Separated and divorced couples are very common, every able person works—father, mother and older children. Even "Granny" has to take in washing sometimes. Juvenile delinquency is high. The police force is kept busy with the gang clubs boys form. A knife is part of a young boy's dress, and he uses it on his friends or enemy gangs.

With adults, disorganization takes the form of alcoholism, and individual crimes, such as molesting women, mugging, prostitution, and the like. The numbers racket is very popular here. Someone has a dream, looks it up in a book, and finds a corresponding number to match the type of dream. Then he "plays" the number. Or perhaps he'll play a certain combination of numbers—say 311—because those three numbers have been "Coming out" quite often lately. Few people win, but they live on the memory of the time in the dim past when

they once did or when a friend of theirs did. What they win, is very little, still this is a thriving business. The center of these business transactions are the beauty salons in the neighborhood. The numbers and the money are placed with the beauticians who in turn give it to a man who comes to collect the money. The winning numbers are announced via the radio. The man returns toward evening and brings the money to the lucky few. In conversation this game is like the weather, people speak of it often.

With all this vice, there is a strong religious element. There are four Protestant and one Catholic church. The Catholic parish is a Racial one in function. It does a great deal of social welfare work besides. It has been in existence as a Negro parish for about seven years.

The parish seems to be growing very quickly. We don't have too much of the liturgy in it fullness. By that I mean our services are very simple and plain. We do have a large convert class. I think there is one each day, Monday through Friday and one on Sunday; besides which some people have private instructions and now that we have three Praesidia of the Legion of Mary, some of the lay people give catechism lessons. We have the Holy Name and Rosary Societies; the Catholic Youth Organization has a full time worker in the parish; as a result we have all kinds of Confraternity groups, Scouts. We have a basket ball team for both boys and girls. The priests of our parish work hard giving advice, arranging for financial aid to the poor, and helping the Alcoholics Anonymous Club. A Trinitarian nun does house to house visiting. It is a very busy parish and it has a growing and increasingly important effect on the neighborhood. In the summer it has a very effective summer school for the children attending public schools.

There is a Baptist church which has recently

built a new house mainly for the youth of its Church. It sponsors and helps to support a home for the aged near by. It has various social groups—the Scouts, Baptists, Young Peoples' organization, Sunday school and Summer school.

Our neighborhood is greatly dependent on these clubs and groups, because they help to organize the leisure time of the children whose parents go to work and have to leave the children to take care of themselves.

There are elements of minor sects of religion, such as the Seventh Day Adventist, Jehovah Witness and the Pentecostal sects. They usually occupy a store and dress it up to appear as nearly like a church as possible. Therefore, in terms of number of churches in the neighborhood, the religious element plays a big part in the lives of my neighbors.

Now to discuss the people themselves. They are a friendly lot—more rural than urban in this respect. People smile readily at a passerby and even venture into conversations that concern their personal lives with perfect strangers. I think with racial prejudice existing as it does that we as a negro race sort of band together, or to phrase it in a better way, we seem to have a bond that makes us at home with one another. However, this is a very broad generalization and may not be the answer to why Negroes are so friendly or seem so friendly among themselves and in the presence of strangers.

The social life of my neighbors seems to comprise dancing in the winter, beach parties in summer, evenings at home with the T.V. set, baseball games, professional boxing, movies, and with the children, activities in parks and playgrounds.

Such is my neighborhood. Its study is as accurate as possible and I have tried to be as objective as possible.



quid pro quo

*a being is. that so i love. i can not even cry.
all here recedes. one image hazed will never leave.
an image brighter than what's so?
perhaps.
i would not know.
would not believe,
prefer the lie.
prefer to die?
no. why deceive?
the hurt is hard, but no,
it's all i have.
i hug it close. a poor pseudo.
i wish it will not ever leave.
for then, oh, then. for nothing i would have to cry.*

ANN FALLERT '55

INCIDENT IN A SPANISH SQUARE

*Away dirty beggar
Why do you turn to me while
Others traverse this same street
Who look the same as I and act
And think the same as I. No*

*I will not see your burning eye
Nor listen to your parched plea for
"Un centavo, pordiosero . . ."
I am too busy with my young
And healthy body and my fresh
And teeming mind. Go*

*Take your crutches, dirty one
Move your ragged squalid body for
My strong healthy body and my
Fresh and teeming brain cannot bear your sight . . .
Pordiosero, Pordiosero.**

ANNE BUCKLEY '57

*PORDIOSERO . . . *For the love of God*

RITE OF PASSAGE

*This has been said before, and often.
If not these words.
Then others like them—
But each man must say them for himself
Sometime when you're twenty-one—
Or feel that way—
You say
I'm me.
I'm someone different from all others.
Different even from the person
That I was yesterday, I'm alive.*

*The sun is still shining; the same cars
Are going by.
Unchanging things,
But new to my changed eyes.*

FLORENCE PYNE '55

SONNET

*Must I 'neath dark clouds forever live,
Catching but a glimpse of light as they go by,
Or will the sun her rays to give,
Shine through and make my spirit thrive?*

*And as I travel life's hard way
Brightly arrayed in the frills of youth,
Will I take with me and allow to stay,
Friendly, noble and beauteous truth?*

*Will I use and share my talents with skill
Ever encouraged by Love and Wisdom
And should these things my efforts fulfill
Will I then humble become?*

*I ask these questions as my dreams fade
Puzzled in wonder at why I was made.*

E. C. '55

TOO SOON THE MORNING

BEATRICE M. BASILI '58

The heaviness of nightfall, brightened only by a pale moon, had long cast its shadow on every street and square in the slumbering city. The cool breezes of a summer's night encircled the deserted buildings as the stillness was marred only by the low sonorous ring of the station clock heralding the hour-midnight. From the distant hills, the faint shrill of a train whistle could be heard in a constant crescendo of volume. Suddenly, the city seemed to come alive. From the various streets, taxis made their appearances on the scene. From within the station, forms hurrying to and from became visible and a growing momentum of anxious voices awaited the arrival of the 12:03.

Jeanine Corde descended slowly from the steps of the train, set her baggage down on the platform, straightened the skirt to her checkered suit, then glanced expectantly about her. She had not long to wait, for a moment later a tall blond youth advanced toward her.

"You are Jeanine Corde?", he asked with a definite foreign accent.

She smiled and nodded.

"I have recognized you from your picture," he continued. "I am Dino, Dino Giardini."

The ride from the terminal to the Giardini's residence took but ten minutes. This brief space of time, however, was all Jeanine need to know what it meant to realize a life-long dream. She was where she always wanted to visit—the capital of the ancient world—the home of Cicero and Caesar—Rome. Weeks later, she was to see Venice, Florence, Milan, Pisa, Naples and Capri; but from the very beginning, when she gazed out from the taxicab window as it sped along towards its destination passing along the Via Imperiale with its stately poplars and marble walls, beneath the Arch of Constantine where mighty armies had once staged victorious processions and with the massive walls of the Colosseum looming out across the darkened sky with the light of the moon turning its ancient stones into white gold, she knew her heart would always belong to Rome.

Slowly she fell into a deep reverie. The past months flew before her with the swiftness of Mercury. It had seemed a fantastic dream then; but it was now a reality. All her life she had yearned for but one thing—to be a concert pianist was her sole aim. Now she was receiving the opportunity that comes once in a life time,

a chance to study for two months at the famous Santa Cecilia Music Conservatory in Rome. The arrangements had all been completed. Since there was no vacancy at the Conservatory itself, she was to board at the house of the Giordinis, a reputable family in Rome. Their dwelling was adequately large and, best of all, they owned a fine piano and enjoyed good music. Nothing could match the perfection of the plans offered her, a fine musical training, a two week tour throughout Italy, time to study, recreate and to pass an exciting interlude between the close of high school and the beginning of college life.

The opening of the Conservatory for the summer meant a whole new span of study and practice. After the long tedious hours of lessons, Jeanine found herself spending her recreation hours at the baby grand piano of the Giordinis, practicing over and over her fugues, concertos and etudes. There was no time for relaxation, no time for enjoyment although the Giordini's son, Dino, begged for a chance to show this young woman from the States the sights and thrills of romantic Rome. For Jeanine, though she was nearly eighteen, life had never held the full experience of a true joy of youthfulness. One thing alone held her mind, her whole time, her very breath of life and that was her music. It had always been that way, ever since that tragic event which robbed her of everything in life save her music. That had been her only consolation—her only shell in which she found solace. Crawling into this darkness she had closed the world out after her. She could still hear those piercing cries as the angry flames enveloped that ill-fated vessel. She had been accompanying her parents who had been on a concert tour in South America, where they had both given performances. It was on their homeward voyage that the S.S. "Argentina" met her doom, taking with her an enormous number of returning tourists including Mr. and Mrs. Corde. This left Jeanine alone, alone with a dreadful memory and a passion for music in which to bury the past.

The Grand Opera in the ancient ruins of Caracalla, where thousands come to revel each year, is truly an unforgettable spectacle. Into these bath houses some thousand years ago, Roman families of patrician birth and even those of plebian rank, came to spend an hour socially among friends. Today, beneath an open sky,

this popular recreation hall for the adherents of a fallen empire has been reconverted into a place of culture and interest for the citizens of a risen republic. But, as Jeanine Corde sat and listened to the enchanted music that poured forth from that stage she thought not of its history, not of its beauty, but only of the tones that so pleased her ear. That night, the Opera Company was presenting its season opening performance of Verdi's "Aida," noted especially for its massive extravaganza of richness. The scene was the Triumphant March and there in full array appeared on the gigantic stage, hundreds of soldiers, servant girls, prisoners and a dozen of stately horses and huge elephants. Torches set the stage ablaze with light and multi-colored smoke lifted up from the various portholes. As the curtain fell upon the close of the act, a thunder of applause filled the stadium. Just then Dino turned to Jeanine and the broad grin of one well pleased with something delightful, turned to a questioning frown.

"Did you not like it?", he queried, wondering at the expression of disappointment in her dark brown eyes. She breathed a sigh of self-reproach.

"How could I have enjoyed it? I didn't even hear the music. I became foolishly occupied watching that ridiculous grandeur of the last scene. Now, when I am asked to explain the significance of the music tomorrow in class, I will not know what to say."

"But," he insisted, "you did enjoy it. I could tell from the expression on your face. You know," he added in a philosophical tone, "each day is a little life, and if we put a little happiness into each day, we will have a wonderful life to remember." She turned from him impatiently. She would hear no more of it.

"Very well, very well Signorina Jeanine," he mused to himself, "Someday you will learn to take advantage of your youth and life with all its joys and splendors when you realize that it can come but once."

Dino Giordini leaned against the pastel colored stucco wall of his house and stared at a fair-sized bee sucking honey from one of the roses of his lovely garden. His mind, however, was not dwelling upon the insect's occupation. He was intently listening to the sounds which proceeded from the house. In the study, which was directly off the garden, Jeanine sat at the piano, her hands falling upon the ivory keys with hammer-like precision as a sweeping and forceful melody filled the air. At its finish, her hands slid from the final notes and a well satisfied smile suffused her face.

"Brava bravissima!", exclaimed Dino as he entered the room from the door that opened into the garden. "You played that with force."

"I am glad you liked it," she replied turning from the piano to face him.

"Yes, indeed. I did enjoy it. But mind you, I do not mean to criticize, but can you not play something lighter, something like this?" He had crossed the room and was rummaging through the music that lay scattered about the piano when he discovered exactly what he was seeking. It was a fantasy, light and airy, Debussy's "Clair de Lune."

"Oh, I can play that, but don't really care for that type of music." No, how could she? It was the music her mother had always played. It bore too many memories, memories she wanted to forget. "But don't tell me you like it?" Nodding his approval, he explained, "I have loved it from the first time I heard it when I was but a little boy. It seemed even then to portray the very city of Rome in its melody. It is a fantasy and to me, Rome is a fantasy too, the splendor which once was and now exists only in a dream. And tomorrow," he laughed, as if in answer to her questioning glance, "tomorrow will soon become another day with more dreams and memories." Turning towards her his roguish grin overshadowed the thoughtfulness of his eyes.

"Play it for me, please."

At first she hesitated, stared at the music, then, without uttering a word, proceeded to fulfill his wish. Mechanically, she continued. Her mind no longer was concentrated upon the piece. How gentle, how light were those opening strains. A fantasy she thought, he was right. Rome is a fantasy. She had been living in this fantasy for nearly a month but she had been too occupied to notice it, to take advantage of it. In but one more day she would leave to tour Italy with the classes of the Conservatory. After that, she would have only two weeks to see all of Rome before leaving for home. Suddenly, she wanted to sing, to laugh, to dance. For weeks she had tried to subdue this spirit of gaiety of youth that had slowly crept into her heart. Was it herself that made her want this joviality—or was it Rome and Dino?

The two weeks of touring flew and dragged on at the same time. The days filled with adventure, new glories of a decayed empire, the nights with thoughts of Rome and Dino. Their first stop was Naples, a city port struggling to gain its prestige after the destructive bombing that practically levelled parts to the ground. Yet, these people, as all the other people of Italy, had time to enjoy life. They did not feel surprised by the heavy ravages of the past war. Theirs was a glorious past and what the future held made little difference. They knew that if they lived for

each day the tomorrows would take care of themselves.

Is that what Dino meant, she thought to herself when he said that each day was a little life? Is that the bond which is keeping the people of the old world together? No matter where she travelled, this spirit of life and gaiety prevailed; from the colorful gondolier of Venice to the industrial workers of the factories of Milan, from the merchants of artistic leather goods of Florence to the peasant fisherman of Capri. These people were not wealthy in worldly goods, their riches laid in their capacity for getting the most happiness out of life.

Jeanine Corde's return to Rome marked a rebirth of life for the young pianist. No longer did the Colosseum and Forum appear as silent massive structures of art. Now they seemed to come alive, to speak, to tell of the wonders and times they had witnessed. Each marble stone, each delicately carved statue told her stories of love and hate, of prosperity and poverty. For the first time Jeanine felt warm and gay and light. Never had the air seemed clearer, never had the sky been bluer. Cupid had not missed his mark. She was in love with Rome—with Dino.

"You know, Dino, something strange happened today," she was saying as she and her handsome escort took their daily tour of the city. "Professor Rudolfo actually congratulated me on my playing. He said that I played with great expression as if I really understood the meaning of the piece I was attempting."

"What were you playing?," he asked with that naturally mischievous gleam in his eyes. She laughed a guilty laugh.

"Clair de Lune," she whispered, a deep blush turning her delicate olive skin into crimson. Suddenly she looked up.

"Oh, Dino!" she gasped. "How beautiful!" A huge fountain stood before them. Two giant Tritons, one blowing a conch, conducted the winged chariot of Neptune. In the side niches were figurines of Health and Abundance. Other statues typifying the seasons of the year completed this massive display of beauty and rhythm. The water which filled the little piazza with a thunder-like roar gushed forward from every conceivable place.

"This," he explained proudly, "is the Fontana di Trevi—have you ever seen anything so beautiful?"

"Never," she exclaimed as she examined with her eyes the bowl of the fountain several feet in water.

"Ah! I see you are wondering about those coins that you see there in the water. It is an ancient tradition that if a tourist drops a coin into the fountain, he will return to Rome."

His glance met hers tenderly, full of depth and meaning, but only for a moment. Then, his teasing laugh blotted out any trace of deep feeling. Bovishly, he flipped a lira into the air and handed it to her.

"Here, try your luck." Closing her eyes she made her wish, then tossed the lira into the fountain.

The rhythmical pendulum of time had almost completed its cycle. Two days more remained to the realized dream of Jeanine Corde. The close of day bore an amazing resemblance to that same night she had first arrived in the Eternal City, when she had first met Dino. Now they were wandering through the streets of Rome together each conscious of the wavering light of their days ready to be extinguished. Tonight, they were going to a place that Dino had promised would never part from her memories.

They were nearing a vast villa, the houses becoming few and far apart, the road a delightful promenade continually ascending. The shrubberies bore the dark green of summer and the stately trees formed an arch over their heads. Now, there began to appear on either side of the path, marble busts mounted on platforms with tiny inscriptions written beneath. These, as Dino explained to her, were the men who fought with the courageous Italian liberator, Garibaldi, who battled valiantly to free Italy from the foreign oppressors, and there upon the peak of the hill, stood the equestrian figure of the victorious general himself as a symbol of strength to a unified country. Truly, there was no more fitting homage to pay to this powerful soldier than to place his statue on Janiculum, one of the famous seven hills on which Rome was built and on which he staged his stubborn defiance against the French. His eyes seemed to watch over his beloved city still protecting her against the "stranieri." To the right of the hill could be seen the Colosseum, the monument of Victor Emmanuel, the business section of Rome and the serene Tiber River flowing peacefully in this empire of centuries ago. To the left, looming above the massive array of buildings, stood the Church of St. Peter surrounded by the many palaces that formed the Vatican City. Once, twice, three times they encircled the statue gazing upon that city, that had stood the test of emperors, invaders, monarchs and dictators.

Standing upon that summit, she felt the last remnants of the past leave and a new warmth coursed through her. Yet, intermingled with these new feelings of gaiety and life were certain doubts. She was sure of her feeling toward Dino, but what was his toward her? Each time he

appeared to become serious, he would quickly change his expression to one of frolic. Over and over again, she asked herself this same question until she could bear it no longer. Now, was the time to discover his dual complex. Surely, on this, her next to the last night in Rome, he would not deny her an explanation. At first, he appeared surprised by her very question, then, he laughed. Finally, his face clouded with an expression she had not yet seen. It was one of despair.

"Why do you ask," he faltered. "Why! Need I explain? In one more day you will leave Rome and I pray that the promise of the Fontana di Trevi will not fail, yet . . . I know of your feeling as I know of my own, but we cannot hope for too much. We are two worlds apart."

Words did not come easy, so little time remained and so much left to be said. Dino was indeed right. This edifice to Garibaldi's self-sacrificing military genius, would always remain as one of her most treasured memories of her stay in Rome. This was a final tribute to Dino, who showed her the beauty of life, who taught her the gaiety and carefreeness of youth, who would forever remain in her thoughts as her ideal, her remembrances of a summer interlude.

On a westward bound ship, Jeanine Corde sat alone. Sleep would not come and her cabin had seemed to smother her. She longed for a

breath of the ocean air. On the deserted deck the stars above her filled the midnight sky with tiny diamond-like reflections. The soft breezes seemed to engulf her, whispering memories never to be forgotten. Everywhere her glance fell she saw him, his laughing eyes, his teasing grin. Somehow she knew that never again would she feel the same. She had met her ideal and now she was going home . . . home without him. She had to forget, but how could she forget this wonderful summer. Living in Rome constantly for those last few weeks she had finally learned to understand its people, laughing with them, sorrowing with them, dancing and singing their sentimental ballads which clearly portrayed their deep warm hearts. For them life was difficult. They faced war, famine, tragedy, and yet they had the courage to smile, to laugh, to start life anew. How could anyone possibly forget that? She was confused—bewildered. No longer did her heart beat to the heavy chords of a forceful concerto. It had been replaced by the gentle romanticizing strain of an airy fantasy. Nostalgically she thought of the Fontana di Trevi . . . could it . . . would it . . . ?

Murmuring a deep sigh, she settled back against her deck chair and clearing all thoughts from her mind, she gazed at the blackened heavens. With tear filled eyes, she tried to count the stars but didn't succeed. Morning came too soon.

COME BACK MY LOVE

*The sun has come and gone my love,
But you have not come back to me,
The rain has come and bathed the earth,
But you have not come back to me,
And birds still sing, and things still grow,
And life goes on, and all things change
And yet the earth which moves and turns,
Seems still and silent to my soul.
Why does all life seem far away?
I know that things are real, and yet,
The memory of you fills my soul.
And makes all else seem like a dream.
Come back my love, come back to me,
And let me live again my love.
Come back my love, come back to me,
O Love, my love, come back to me.*

MARY EMILIO '56

THE EDITOR'S CORNER

MARY E. SHEA '55

COLLEGE — COLLEGIATE OR NOT

If we relied upon Hollywood movies and T.V. shows for information, we would surely think that college consists of a picturesque group of ivy covered buildings scattered around a football stadium. The buildings would be peopled, of course, by amusingly crude professors and amusingly adolescent students.

The male collegians in this scene would be concentrating on wild variations in dress—dabbling in racoon coats, white bucks, striped blazers and other such. The females—these fictional colleges are always coed—would wear knee socks and Bermuda shorts (promoted as the casual look in the fashion magazines) and would be ever directing all their meager energies towards getting a date. Books, if included at all in these rah rah surroundings, would be mere props in the background.

The belief hinted at above may conceivably sound ridiculous to those in the know on collegiate affairs. But this misconception of college life has become so prevalent in the creations of current entertainment that it has achieved a certain dubious value in the eyes of many audiences. And this belief is not confined to people who have no interest in or knowledge of collegiate activities. Frequently, it exists in unsuspecting teenagers who use it as a standard for choosing a university. It appears in a more culpable fashion in college graduates who unjustly berate their alma maters for frustrating their social potentialities (mainly potentialities for Charlestoning and cheerleading).

For laughter's sake, let's suppose a person imbued with the "collegiate" (used in its lowest sense) ideal of college visits St. Joseph's. To say the least, we break all the conventions. Most obviously, we have no football stadium and we're not coed. Bermuda shorts are not encouraged although a rare pair of knee socks slips through. Books are not only present in significant numbers but are frequently used for hours . . . and hours.

Upon further investigation, our visitor would discover no sororities, no frenzied pre-game rallies, no caroling on the moonlit campus. In spite of efforts to conceal it, he would certainly find out that many of us have never even been invited to a single football game or college prom.

If our imaginary investigator didn't leave with the decision that we're not a college at all, he might at least dimly realize that college for active St. Joseph's girls is not what it is on T.V. For us, college is a hodgepodge of part time jobs, homework, telephone conversations and blind dates (each worse than its predecessor!). It's a dash of outside readings, faintly philosophical discussions, theatre parties, extra-



curric and term papers. For many, college will forever be remembered as coming home late for dinner, having to go to three meetings at the same time, going to stag dances, reading as many as four books in one hectic night . . . and never ever getting enough sleep.

It's difficult to give a realistic, undistorted picture of college life because of the many ingredients that go into it. Many people work harder at both study and play during their four college years than they do in the entire remainder of their lives. But even in the busy life of the successful collegian, there is a hierarchy of values in his activities. No amount of hoopla can replace a genuine interest in scholarship. Football games and dances are ineffective substitutes for the long hours of study necessary for intellectual development. And we must admit that it is primarily for the latter that colleges were built and continue to exist.

But there are also undisputed secondary values in a college education. The benefits derived from participating in informal discussions, volunteering to help on a student project, being totally responsible for a social event, running a club, making the most of an unsociable blind date—all have their fruition somewhere in the well rounded personality that should be the college graduate's. While having a coke, decorating for a dance, organizing a G.A. program or practicing for a dramatic production, friends are made and the basic truths emphasized in the campus classrooms are put to use. Here, charity and cooperation become an integral part of the social give and take that will be our lives long after college days are over. The shape of our future (earthly and otherwise), the effect we will have upon our neighbors, the maturing of our own personalities—all are affected by how well we learn the lesson of translating knowledge into daily habit. For this, a college's extra-curricular system is the training ground.

Any college that offers its students a real intellectual challenge inside and a varied extra-curricular program outside the classroom has adequately discharged its obligation. It has provided all the means it can for developing the whole man.

For failing to toe the scholastic mark, a college can justly be condemned—it has failed to achieve its prime purpose. If a college has a real dearth of social activities (an unusual situation), it may also be criticized, but only for not realizing one of its *secondary* aims. For this reason, it's almost irrational to condemn a college because of defects in its extra-curricular system.

In the majority of colleges that supply at least a satisfactory minimum of social activities, most imperfections are due to student inertia. An extra-curricular system is merely a collection of raw materials for students to work with. The end products, good or bad, depend completely upon the undergraduates who control the system. The criticizer must remember that many improvements in social affairs would have wholehearted administrative approval provided sufficient funds and student support were both available . . . and it's an exhausted cliché which reminds us that those who complain the most forever do the least.

THE QUEENSHIP OF MARY

This issue of *Loria* sees the recent Marian Year just about terminated. However, the specific dedication of a time to Our Lady shouldn't imply a cessation of devotion when the formal ceremonies are over. The purpose of a Marian Year is to stimulate and refresh our veneration of the Mother of God.

Perhaps the highest tribute awarded Mary during her special year was the establishment of a new feast (May 31) and a new title—that of Mary, the Queen. To properly solemnize the regality of the Mother of God, Pope Pius XII has issued a new encyclical "*Ad Coeli Reginam*"; to the Queen of Heaven. We call it to your attention for inspirational reading and fruitful meditation.

A QUESTION OF RESPONSIBILITY

FLORENCE PYNE '55

"No, I won't admit that it was my fault," I replied. "I'll admit I borrowed the life preserver and I'll admit I invited the girls up here, but I won't admit it was my fault."

"But Lizzy—" from Clara.

"But Lizzy—" from Edith.

"Now Lizzy, you know none of it would have happened without the life preserver, and if those girls hadn't come, no one would have known about it. It was your fault," this from Mildred who in my opinion had been to blame for the whole horrible mess—after all it was her thesis.

* * *

The whole thing started with the thesis. Mildred picked, "The Influence of Shakespeare on Dramatists Contemporary With Him" as her topic and was finding the going rather rough. The thesis was due on Friday, May 17 at two in the afternoon, but Dr. Phillips had told the girls in the English Seminar that any papers handed in before midnight would be considered on time. Anyone handing a thesis in late would lose five points per day late. Naturally, Mildred started typing her thesis at four in the afternoon of the aforementioned date. Mildred was the soul of punctuality.

That night, when I left for the movies, she was about half finished typing it and frankly I didn't think she'd finish it on time. It was her own fault, though. She had had plenty of time and she had wasted it. I remember one day when she was supposed to be working on it and she had written some poetry instead. And the way she typed! She sat cross-legged in the middle of her room, on the floor, with the typewriter on the floor in front of her and papers with notes on them spread all over the room. When she wanted some particular reference she had to hunt all over for it. She always kept a pot of coffee right next to the typewriter and every ash tray in the room was filled to overflowing.

The house was pretty empty that weekend. Mildred, of course, had stayed to do her thesis and I had stayed to do some work in the library but the only other girls there were Dee Dee, Edith, Babs and Clara who lived too far away to go home weekends. Alice and Leah, the girls I was going to the movies with, were from another house. They had stayed at school that weekend because there was going to be a basket-

ball game Sunday afternoon, and they were on the team. Although I didn't know it at the time, Babs, when asked if she were going to the game, had made some crack to the effect that even if she had to stay at school over the weekend, at least she didn't have to go to a crummy basketball game, and now the whole team was mad at her. Of course, Alice and Leah might have told the story of what they saw to everyone in the school even if it hadn't been a good way to get back at Babs, but I still don't think Babs can be absolved of all responsibility. Nevertheless, as she constantly reminds me, they wouldn't have seen anything if I hadn't invited them up for coffee when we got home from the movies. Actually, I acted from the best of intentions—you know, those things the road to Hell is paved with. It was about 12:15 then and I thought a little company would cheer Mildred up if she hadn't finished and that a celebration was definitely in order if she had. How was I to know that Dee Dee had gotten the idea first.

* * *

"You know," Dee Dee remarked, when Mildred had dashed over to Dr. Phillips' with fully two minutes to spare, "this calls for a celebration."

"You're right," said Clara, "this is the first thing she's gotten in on time this term."

"Oh! it's too late to get beer, the store will be closed," wailed Edith.

"Beer nothing, if it's to be a real celebration we need wine, Babs, go get the wine," ordered Dee Dee.

"What wine?"

"You know, the cooking sherry left over from the time we made that Lobster Madrid."

"Oh, from the way you spoke I thought you expected champagne," and she ran up to her room for the sherry. Since Demon Rum isn't even allowed within these ivy covered walls under the mild guise of cooking sherry, it was hidden under a pile of junk in her closet. One of the pieces of junk in the pile was a life preserver I had borrowed from her the term before to use in a play and which she had never taken home. She slipped this on over her slacks and shirt, picked up the bottle, and ran down stairs where she presented the bottle to Dee Dee with

much saluting and aye aye siring. It was then that Clara got THE IDEA.

"I've got an idea," she said. "let's have a shipwreck party."

Oh! that was a wonderful idea, they all said, and they went rushing off to see what kind of shipwreck costumes they could devise before Mildred got back.

* * *

You can imagine what Alice and Leah saw when we passed Mildred's room on the way to get our coffee. Edith was still wearing the life preserver but she had exchanged the slacks and shirt for a knee length night gown. Clara had on a bathing suit, bedroom slippers and knee high socks and she had tilted a red beret over her eyes. Dee Dee was a sight to behold, barefoot, in a slip and with a huge bath towel thrown around her shoulders like a shawl. Babs, though, was the *pièce de resistance* in loafers, an evening skirt and a pajama top, with her hair in metal curlers. These four were seated in a row on the couch. Mildred, in dungarees and a sweat shirt was sitting on the floor which was covered with

torn bits of thesis notes, waving the sherry bottle and leading the others in a cacophonous rendition of "Fifteen Men on a Dead Man's Chest, Yo Ho Ho and a Bottle of Rum." Secure in the knowledge that Mrs. Halliday had gone out, they hadn't even bothered to close the door of the room. When they saw us they wavered to an uncomfortable silence, and then—

"I've changed my mind. I don't want any coffee."

"Yes, we'd best be getting home," Leah corroborated.

* * *

Naturally, the story was all over the school by Monday morning. I think we should share the blame, that it wasn't anyone's fault, but because it was my friends who spread the story I've been picked for the scapegoat. I suppose in a way you could say it's my fault that it's all over the school, but it's silly to say I plotted it with Alice and Leah—after all, it isn't much fun being known as the sorority sister of five raving lunatics.

GROWING UP

*When as a child
I would sit
By the edge of the sea
And watch the waves
Come dancing in
To a merry melody
Thought I "No joy
Can half compare
With the singing of the sea."*

*Sometimes the sea
Grew quiet
And rested from its play.
'Twas then I built
My wonderland
Fashioned from sandy clay.
Thought I "No land
Is half so fair
As this world I built today."*

*Now years have beat
Like the waves
Against my world of sand
And rolling time
Like the endless sea
Has leveled my wonderland.
The kingdoms of
My trusting youth
Are gone by time's command.*

CATHERINE D'EMIC '57



TO THE WISE

LUCILLE WATERS '56

... out of sight out of mind ... But it's a lie. At least in the case of Sister Charitina it is. There doesn't seem to be a girl at college (excluding the freshmen who never knew her) who doesn't miss Sister Charitina's words of wisdom, given out from her desk in the registrar's office or during her tours of the locker room. She had a word for almost every occasion, and a clever word at that. Now, after being at St. Joe's for twenty-two years in the capacity of Dean of Women, she has left us for work at St. Agnes Seminary. St. Agnes' gain is our loss and it's a loss we feel keenly.

... the grass is always greener in the other fellow's yard ... Ask the average New Yorker; he'll confirm this. He saves all year for a trip to the Grand Canyon, a tour of Canada, or a vacation in Florida. He may even have a "Europe or Bust" account at his nearest savings bank for that someday when—. But take that same New Yorker and ask him how many days he has spent sightseeing in New York City. The United Nations Building and the Museum of Modern Art are in another world as far as he is concerned, poor soul! But he does have two means of salvation, two very effective days of getting local color:

1. He can invite out-of-town friends and relatives to New York City and can act as their guide.
2. He can wait until his children grow up and go to college. Then he can do their "visiting" assignments for them.

Academically speaking, here's hoping he waits for the latter.

... better late than never ... So here I am, all of twenty-one, learning to cook. Don't laugh, most of the girls at St. Joe's are in the same boat. We've learned two or three foreign languages; we've come to grips with philosophy and higher mathematics; we've even partially de-nasalized the brown cow. Yet, somehow we haven't been able to get behind the iron curtain and into that esoteric world of the kitchen. "What does it matter", we ask. On teacher's pay we can afford to eat in restaurants all our lives. Little do we realize how much it matters—at least to others. Just mention casually to Great Aunt Clara that you forgot to put water in the pot when you made the coffee this morning. The poor woman goes into a state of collapse as she gasps out, "And you with a college education!" Ask your father how to light the oven and note the pained expression on his face as he joins in the lament, "And you with a college education!" Even little brother looks chagrined when mom goes out and you prepare that rare delicacy, a bologna sandwich. He doesn't have to say it; you know what he's thinking, "And you with a college education!" Personally I don't see the connection between a B.A. and cooking, but why fight it? So, Saturday has become my day in the kitchen, my day to brave the unknown culinary world. "Better late than never" remains my motto; my mother keeps muttering something about "Better never."

. . . *procrastination is the thief of time* . . . And why deny it? It's easier to smile, nod assent, and continue procrastinating. It's the favorite occupation of nine out of ten college students and I am certainly not the odd man out. There's nothing I like better than sitting down during a free hour to lament the impossible amount of homework due for the next class or spending an evening at home complaining to my mother about the never ending chain of things to be done. But I really do work, I tell myself. If I have an assignment due in Spanish, I read next week's English. If I have to prepare for an Epistemology quiz, I clean out my closet. No matter what I do, I don't do what I have to do. Call it anything you want, in the last analysis it's procrastination. It's the cardinal sin of every college student. One of the juniors who has this common malady explains its effects on her in glowing terms:

The hour is late,
My homework great.
And all I do is procrastinate.

. . . *variety is the spice of life* . . . Or so the Canadians seem to think. Have you ever watched Canadian football on T.V.? Believe me, it's confusing. It takes the average girl about sixteen years, ten live games, and five dull dates to learn—in a vague sort of way—that football is an American sport, played on a field of *one hundred* yards, with *eleven* players, *one* ball, *four* quarters, and *four* downs. Now the Canadians adopt football, play it on a field of *one hundred-ten* yards, with *twelve* players, *one* ball, *four* quarters and *three* downs. I ask you, with changes as numerous and drastic as these, how many dull dates can a girl afford to have before she gets back in the football know?

. . . *a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush* . . . But only if you're a bird lover. Personally, I prefer nature out-of-doors. And do you blame me? This is a typical "at home" scene:

Little Brother (in a supplicating voice): "Can I borrow a quarter?"

Big Sister (magnanimously): "Sure."

Little Brother (elated): "Good, now I can buy three snakes from my friend." And so for a month we've had boarders at our house. (One can't squelch children's interests in nature, you know.) And for a month I've gotten up every morning afraid to count our reptile visitors, afraid that we'll have two instead of three, afraid to think of where the other one may be.

. . . *where there's life, there's hope* . . . but convince a twentieth century writer. He's a pessimist "par excellence." Gone are the days of literature's happy endings, when boy got girl, when hero and heroine lived happily-ever-after. The modern writer wouldn't hear of such a thing. Some say he's revolting against the typical Victorian ending in which everybody got somebody, no matter how ill-matched they were. But, seriously, how long can a revolt last? Can it be that the average twentieth century writer's pessimism is due to the fact that he really has nothing to hope for, can it be that he has divorced himself from Hope? I don't claim to understand why the modern writer writes as he does. I just wish he *wouldn't* write as he does. Suggestions, anyone?

. . . *early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise* . . . Somehow it seems that there can't be too many healthy, wealthy and wise here at St. Joe's. Too many girls have those 1:00 A.M. bags under their eyes that advertise just how much sleep they weren't able to squeeze in between homework and class the next day. Take a suggestion from the Greeks. "All things in moderation, nothing in excess." Believe it or not, this applies to homework too. No matter how much time you spend on homework you can't get all you should out of class if you sit there half-asleep. If you're worried about using your sleeping time to take care of matters that can't take care of themselves, read Charles Péguy's poem "Sleep" in his book, *God Speaks*. He has an argument that will convince anyone. So fellow Greek—"Know thyself"—get the sleep you know you need.

WHAT DO THEY READ?

JOAN COSTA '57

Wonder and amazement spread over the young mother's face as she gazed at her little son. "Why Jimmy, you're reading a book!" With the tremendous number of harrowing horror comics that children can buy and the hours of passive entertainment offered them on television, parents are delighted when their children pick up a good book. Unfortunately, many of the recent books for children have been of the "How the Little Locomotive Learned to Eat His Spinach" type. If first introductions to literature are to be vital experiences and children are to grow through their reading, they certainly will not do it on a steady diet of "Gruesome Gary-or-The Story of the Nearly Perfect Crime." However, literature of the "Milquetoast" variety is hardly the solution. Neither of these types would be tolerated on the adult level yet people buy so many "cute" books for children that they represent 11% of the total book trade in the United States.

Literature should be a challenge to a child, a means of developing his imagination, of broadening his experience and understanding. Children deserve the best that literature can give them and the field of children's literature both in the recent past and at present has much to offer.

It is true that the juvenile field has not always attracted the best in writing talent. Perhaps this is the result of a rather prevalent attitude that writers of juveniles are just not good enough to write on the adult level. Actually, writing for children is a highly specialized field which requires that the author get inside of his characters and portray them from a child's point of view. However, many well established writers have contributed to this field. Books like Mark Twain's *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn* can stand firmly on their literary merits. Children have also shown good taste in the literary field through their adoption of such books as *Gulliver's Travels*.

Perhaps some of the most fascinating children's characters have been created by A. A. Milne a writer who is familiar to adults and children alike. Children all over England and the United States are as familiar with Winnie the Pooh and Christopher Robin as they are with their next-door playmates. Milne's poems in *When We Were Very Young* express real incidents as children see them and have a certain charm which captures the imagination and provides good reading from a literary standpoint as well. Milne credits children with intelligence and imagination which after all, they do possess. It seems to me that this is one of the principal qualities of good children's literature. Any child who is not on familiar terms with Winnie the Pooh and Christopher Robin has a wonderful experience ahead of him.

Recently, several writers well known in the adult field have made substantial contributions to the juvenile field. Graham Greene has turned from the problems of the soul to the defense of the old corner grocer's shop and the rickety old horse bus which saves the day in a cops and robbers chase in *The Little Horse Bus*.

Oliver LaFarge, anthropologist and novelist has written a story of the Mexican soil that he loves as seen through the eyes of a Spanish-American boy in *The Mother Ditch*.

Impunity Jane, by Rumer Godden, has for its heroine a four inch china doll. Impunity has many unusual adventures when she rebels against the doll house and becomes the mascot of a group of boys.

In the first new United States edition in twenty-five years Charles Dickens' *The Magic Fishbone* charms a new generation with its Cinderella story whose theme is "when we have done our very very best and that is not enough, then I think the right time must have come for asking the help of others."

It is evident that the whole field of children's literature is not to be condemned because of certain unwholesome trends. But all that is worthwhile in the juvenile field must first be discovered by adults who can open a whole new world to their children. Their reading will become a vital experience so that in years to come they will realize that in their early introductions to literature they

"... thought the thoughts of youth
And heard the words that one by one,
The touch of time has turned to truth."

CHIANG OR MAO TSE-TUNG?

PHILOMENA CAPOTOSTO '55

Until 1945 America's traditional Far Eastern policy for more than half a century had as its aim the preservation of the integrity and independence of China.

At Yalta in February 1945, the U. S. reversed this policy. President Roosevelt agreed to let Russia acquire what was to be in effect a permanent position of power in China. Some of the concessions included: 1) internationalization of Darien with "pre-eminent rights" for the Soviet Union in this largest of China's north-eastern ports 2) "joint operation" of the Manchurian railways by China and Russia, with the "pre-eminent interests" of the Soviet Union safeguarded. We granted this without China's knowledge or consent.

To understand the import of the concessions made to Russia at both China's and America's expense, one must appreciate the fact that history shows that whoever controls Manchuria controls North China and that whoever dominates North China can conquer *all of China*. It was even more certain, in our industrial age, that the "pre-eminent rights" in Manchuria guaranteed by President Roosevelt would place Russia in a position to dominate China, since the only areas of China where iron and coal resources are to be found in proximity are Manchuria and North China. Millions of Chinese had died in the struggle to deny Japan the "pre-eminent rights" on their soil awarded to Soviet Russia in 1945 at Yalta!

As early as 1943 the Far Eastern Division of the State Department—with a man like Owen Lattimore influencing policy—was pressing for aid to be given to the Chinese Communists. General Wedemeyer, who replaced General Stilwell, curtailed Communist gains by an effective pattern of Sino-American cooperation and obtained the confidence of the Nationalist Government and of all real liberals in China. But, in the winter of 1945, General Wedemeyer was restricted in the use of American sea and air transportation by the officials in the Far Eastern Division of the State Department. This was the period when friendly relations with Russia took precedence over all other considerations and when many Americans considered the Communist revolt "moderate and democratic" and a mere agrarian movement.

Russia signed a treaty with China in 1945,

according to its terms; China gave Russia vital strategic and economic rights in Manchuria in exchange for a Russian pledge to give the *Nationalist Chinese* government (i.e. the government of Chiang Kai-shek) moral support, aid in military supplies, and other material resources—needless to say, this pledge was promptly ignored. As Japan was surrendering, the Red Army poured into Manchuria ahead of the Nationalist forces. On the refusal of the Nationalist government to agree on joint ownership of all Manchurian resources and industries, Russia looted the area of eight hundred million dollars worth of industrial equipment and handed over *huge* supplies of captured Japanese arms to the Chinese Communists, whom they had meanwhile allowed to enter Manchuria. By the time the Russian Army withdrew, the Communists were in possession of Manchuria and the captured arms. The U. S. accepted this violation by Russia of her treaty with China.

The Russian refusal to allow Chinese Nationalists to use the port of Darien was another violation of the Sino-Russian treaty. This prevented the Chinese Nationalist forces from being transported by sea to Manchuria; instead, they were landed in North China where they were required to march overland since the Russians denied them the use of the railways as well. When they reached Manchuria, they were met by the Communist Chinese forces armed by Russia and in prepared positions.

The U. S. made no formal protest; instead, in 1945 we sent a diplomatic mission to China, headed by General George C. Marshall, to mediate between the Nationalist Government and the Chinese Communists. In both the personal letter and the public "Statement of U. S. Policy," which General Marshall carried with him from President Truman, he was specifically instructed to exert pressure on the Nationalist Government to come to terms with the Chinese Communists. It was assumed that the promise of American economic aid to China as a reward for unity and peace would act as a powerful inducement to both sides to come to an agreement. But the U. S. had *no* means of exerting pressure on the Chinese Communists to come to an agreement with the Nationalist Government, or to honor their pledges if an agreement were worked out. Only Stalin and the Communist Party of the

Soviet Union could instruct the Chinese Communist party to do this, for like all other Communist parties, China's was and is a puppet of the Soviet Union. America's compulsions could be and were exerted *only* against the Nationalist Government. While the Communists were receiving aid from Russia, the U. S. withheld both economic and military aid from the Nationalist Government until it came to terms with the Communists. To ascribe the defeat of the Nationalist Government solely to its own shortcomings such as corruption and reactionism is to lack historical facts. Examination of the figures of "military aid" to China clearly leads to the conclusion that it was lack of ammunition, as well as too much American interference to the benefit of the Communists which also caused defeat. *What aid was given was too little and too late.*

Chiang-Kai-shek, who had long been a loyal ally in the Pacific and had diverted one million and a half Japanese soldiers in China who might have been employed against our men during World War II, was forced to retreat to Formosa. By 1949 the Chinese Communists consolidated their position on the mainland.

What are the conclusions which are to be derived from this historical background? What are conditions in China today which militate against recognition? What subsequent events prove Communist China unworthy of recognition?

Some of the conclusions derived from the historical background are: the Yalta agreement restored Soviet influence in Manchuria; the Soviet Union utilized her position to the greatest possible extent in aiding the Chinese Communists and in fact created a puppet organ; the American efforts to promote a coalition government of Nationalists and Communists resulted in enhancing Communist prestige and in giving them time to build up their strength; officially publicized criticism of the character and performance of the Nationalist Government was discriminatory to its standing with and its authority over the Chinese people; the abrupt curtailment of American military aid was an important factor in the defeat of the Nationalists in a war which was not a civil war but in reality Russian imperialism. Doctor Walter Judd (authority on the Far East) in 1950 summarized with pithiness the ineptness of the American policy: "It was always fantastic to imagine we could convert our enemies into our friends by

treating our friends as if they were our enemies." . . . We must not repeat this error!

American tradition holds that governments are for the people and derive their just power from "the consent of the governed." Conditions in China today clearly indicate that the Communist regime is not based on the popular will and thus is not a true government of the people. The Communist party has less than six million members out of a total of six-hundred and two million people. In the recent prisoner exchange in Korea 75% of the captured Communist Chinese soldiers were unwilling to return to their homeland, another indication of the lack of popular support. The Communists have gained control only by means of executions, mass murders, and the suppression of any form of free expression. Therefore, geographic control does not constitute the sole basis for a true government, popular support and representation of the people's will are very important factors which must be considered in recognition.

Subsequent events have shown that the Communist government is unworthy of diplomatic recognition. It was branded an aggressor when it intervened in Korea, November 1950, against the United Nations forces. Communist atrocities, in the treatment of American prisoners, (6,113 estimated number of victims) awakened the world to their barbaric methods. Chinese Communist intervention was a further indication of her control by the Soviet Union. The Korean War afforded another opportunity for Chiang Kai-shek to demonstrate his loyalty to democracy when he offered to send thirty-three thousand of his best troops there.

The Nationalist Government represents a continuity of the national authority as it has been transmitted through successive regimes from remote antiquity to the present. The Nationalist Government is the symbol of the cultural unity of the Chinese race and the rallying point of Chinese hopes and aspirations for national reunification under a political regime of Chinese choosing.

Consequently, the U. S. should continue to support the nationalists on Formosa, and *should not* extend diplomatic recognition to Communist China. Such recognition would bring tremendous prestige to the Communist movement throughout Asia. Withholding recognition would offer the Chinese people some hope of eventually escaping Communist domination and control, and would also offer the best hope of re-establishing American prestige and influence in the Pacific.

12 HAZEL LANE

FRANCES BRACKEN '57

Are muses only found in Greek mythologies? Before you answer yes, have you ever been in Grand Central Station? For between there and Larchmont, New York travels a muse—a modern muse named Phyllis McGinley. Educated at Sacred Heart Academy, Ontario, Oregon, the University of Utah, and the University of California, Miss McGinley came East to begin her writing career. She took a job with *The New Yorker*. When she discovered that this magazine was willing to offer her a higher lineage rate for amusing verse than for her serious poetry, she turned her attention to the whimsical. Later, commenting on this choice, Miss McGinley confessed, "I sort of tricked them. I think, into letting me write things that were outwardly amusing but inwardly serious." *The New Yorker* was not Miss McGinley's only interest, however. She managed to write eight children's books, coin lyrics for the Broadway revue, *Small Wonder*, edit *Town and Country*, and run a household at 12 Hazel Lane, Larchmont, New York for business man husband, Charles Hayden and two teenage daughters.

Her latest conquest is a book of light verse, entitled, *The Love Letters of Phyllis McGinley*. The purpose of Miss McGinley's work is to evoke "thoughtful laughter" from her readers. She offers to her readers, therefore, poetry which is gleeful, magical, and delighting. Such topics as symbolism in T. S. Eliot, the values of diversity, her two daughters, are treated with wry humor, gentle wit and lyrical balance. While avoiding vacuous symbols, and literary "shop talk," Miss McGinley is still remarkably "modern." For by the cogeny of wit and humor she touches upon our times, from the very essence of our anxiety-ridden age to the idiosyncrasies of TV. How deftly is TV considered in her quip:

"On all the channels
Nothing but panels!"

In *The Love Letters of Phyllis McGinley*, is a section called *Saints Without Tears*. Miss McGinley became acquainted with the saints when

she began a few years ago to study history seriously, and "like everyone else who reads about the saints, fell madly in love with them." To describe her technical skill, scintillating rhymes, humane touch, is comparable to describing the taste of champagne. It is only through the experience that the pleasure is enjoyed. To appreciate the charm, sagacity and adroitness of poetess McGinley, one may turn to the closing lines of *Cream of Jesters*:

"So when the grave rebuke the merry,
Let them remember Philip Neri
(Fifteen-fifteen to ninety-five)
Who was the merriest man alive
Then, dying at eighty or a bit,
Became a saint by Holy Wit."

Or in reading *The Giveaway*, which extols Saint Bridget's everlasting desire to be generous to the unfortunate, even if satisfying them means parting with her father's precious sword, the parlor rug, the barnyard geese. After this Miss McGinley notes:

"The moral, too, seems rather quaint.
Who had the patience of a saint,
From evidence presented here
Saint Bridget? Or her near and dear?

Or consider her *Conversion in Avila* in which she remarked upon Saint Teresa's speaking with God:

"She cried, 'If this is the Way You treat
Your friends,
No wonder You have so few!'
There is no perfect record standing by
Of God's reply."

To fashion thought to dimension, therefore, seems to be Miss McGinley's concern. This she does with freshness and vitality. Asked what she has been consciously trying to do by her poetical practices, Miss McGinley replied, "I always try to share with my readers the immediacy of my own delight or despair of the world as I see it through my window."



BOGORODITZA

BRENDA BUCKLEY '57

The status of Religion in Russia today is debated by many. From all outward appearances Godless Communism has taken hold and individuality no longer exists. Few people outside the Soviet Union realize the intense devotion of the Russian people to the Bogoroditza—she who gave birth to God.

Not many people are qualified to write about the Russians and especially about the Russian peasant who forms the bulk of the Russian population. Only someone who has spent many years with these people and has grown up among them can give us a true picture of the average Russian.

Catherine de Hueck, a former Russian baroness is one who is fully qualified for this task. She grew up in and was part of the Russia which she describes in her book, *My Russian Yester-*

days. From her we learn how deeply religious the Russian people are and what a part the Bogoroditza plays in their lives. Their devotion to her in Czarist days could not be duplicated. Each person felt that she was his mother. Nowhere do we find better expressed the concept of Mary as the Mother of all men and yet in a special way, the mother of each individual. Even though she was known under many titles, "The Holy Virgin of Kazan," "The Blessed Mother of Czestochowa," she was still, first and foremost, the Bogoroditza, she who gave birth to God. Mary was a Queen, a Protectress, a Virgin but to the individual Russian she was first of all, a Mother.

Pilgrimages were made to her shrines. People of all social levels came together fasting, praying, barefoot to praise her. She was the Rus-

sian's first love from the moment he was capable of any knowledge of her until his death. In every Russian home a Virgin icon hung in the eastern corner of the bedroom. At this icon a bride and bridegroom asked her blessing on their marriage. Later, they consecrated their children to her. The life of the family was centered around this icon and nothing was undertaken without first asking her blessing. A Russian would bid you farewell with the words, "May the blue mantle of Our Lady cover you with its gracious folds and keep you safe."

In Russia the Rosary was held in such high regard that the right to recite it was reserved for nuns, monks and a few chosen laymen. It has been an old custom in Russia for people to remember Mary in their wills. That is why every town and city in Russia had a beautifully decorated icon dedicated to Mary.

But why the past tense? Could a devotion so strong be eradicated through sheer force by a society which had nothing spiritual to offer in return? Could they forget her for whom they lived? Could she forget them? I do not think that there is need for the past tense. A faith like that could not die. Fear may suppress it but deep in the heart of every Russian there burns a strong faith in God and in she who is their mother as well as His. They are laden with a heavy cross and have borne it well. Only the Bogoroditza can lighten their burden. They cannot cry out—we can. Through our efforts and prayers to our mother and theirs we can bring the Russian faith to the surface and soon the icons which dotted Russia will be the landmarks of the future—the Bogoroditza will reign again in Russian homes and churches as well as in Russian hearts.

TO BE - - -

(declaration)

*there's no one I would rather Be than Me
i sing the Song that Whitman sung
if not i'd be unsung
if didn't use My tongue*

(and a short reprise)

*i'm Glad i'm me
i'm pleased to stay that way sans rue
as long as it's convenient
for YOU KNOW WHO*

ANN FALLERT '55

WHAT'S IN A BOOK

SUZANNE TODD '55



Come On Up Boys I'm Dead

At first reading, *UNDER MILKWOOD* seems to be merely a quite garbled exploration into the world of the sub conscious. Its element of free association is dismaying. However, if in a desperate attempt to establish some coherence you are in luck in the event that you hit on the idea of reading it aloud. When read aloud, this verse play of Dylan Thomas becomes much more meaningful. It is even entertaining. The works of Thomas have made a deep impression on the artists of the modern school. At an exhibit of paintings by Chicago artists some months ago, I saw among fifteen or twenty paintings two that had definitely been inspired by the Welsh poet. One was a mass of black and white swirls and was entitled *THE LAST DAYS OF DYLAN THOMAS PART I*. The other painting bore the intriguing title *COME ON UP BOYS I'M DEAD*, this being a line from the early part of *UNDER MILKWOOD*. The scene of the story is a small fishing town. Several of the men of the town who have been drowned at sea return to the town and it is through them that the lives and thoughts of the townspeople, sleeping or awake, are presented to the reader.

Out of This World

James Thurber is nothing if not a master at offering a pleasant escape from the hum drum routine of everyday living. His fairytale for adults, *THE THIRTEEN CLOCKS*, opens the door to delightful makebelieve and charming pretense. Thurber himself characterizes this book as a "work of escapism and self indulgence". It is a means through which one can cushion the harshness of the reality in which we live. Thurber's inventive mind certainly outdid itself in finding suitable characters to grace the pages of this fantasy. There is the Golux, "the only Golux in the world and not a mere device" without whom the story might have ended before it began. This noble character is the son of a witch and a wizard. He gave up his dreams of evil-doing in his youth when one day he accidentally performed a good deed. It is this strange little man in his indescribable hat who comes to the aid of our handsome Prince in his suit for the hand of the lovely Saralinda, a princess in the clutches of the evil Duke. To gain their end our brave heroes face countless terrors, the worst of these the Todal. The Todal of course looks like a blob of glup. It makes a sound like rabbits screaming and smells of old unopened rooms. Mark Simont's illustrations of these characters are priceless. Pick up the book and take a look.

Old vs. New

A powerful novel of Russian life in the middle thirties, *THE FALL OF A TITAN* is the latest contribution of Igor Gouzenko to the field of literature. It deals with the Russia of pre-Revolutionary days and with the men who precipitated the Revolution. Gouzenko's own Russian birth enables him to create for us the flavor of a people and culture that is not overly familiar to the western mind. The theme of the story is one that has not been unfamiliar to Russian writers of the past. Tolstoi juggled the same problem in his classic work *FATHERS AND SONS*. There exists an incompatibility in the thinking of different generations. The lack of compatibility causes conflict. The conflict in *THE FALL OF A TITAN* takes place between the humanist writer, Mikhail Gorin and Feodor Novikov, an NKVD agent. The former belongs to the age which inspired the Revolution, the latter to the age which destroyed its ideals. This is a gripping book, the first novel of a man whose literary endeavors were heretofore confined to the short stories of his youth.

Money No Object

Those who have undertaken the production of books in cheap editions have met with varied success in the process. For some time the publishers of paper covered reprints have thought it wise to present to the public inexpensive copies of books which deal with crime, vice and all manners of perversion. If by chance the purchaser chooses a classic the cover would belie the fact. This is apparently considered a selling point. Recently, however, there has been a new addition to the ranks of inexpensive literature. The new series introduced by Doubleday, has as its selling point the inherent worth of the works it prints rather than a lurid cover. The series is to be known as the Image Books. This series is actually an attempt to present to the reader of limited means thoughts which if they are not all based on religion are at least good thoughts. The series is a Catholic one but not all the books deal directly with religion. One of the books which will be available in an Image addition is MR. BLUE. I have not yet read it myself but I have heard quite a few discussions of it and hope to be able to get hold of it soon. More on the academic side is THE CHURCH SPEAKS ON THE MODERN WORLD, a collection of the social teachings of Pope Leo the Thirteenth. These books will be sold on the newsstand and it is the hope of Doubleday that they will reach countless numbers. They will be priced from 65 to 95 cents.

God and Man

For anyone who is interested in a book that will provide enjoyment in those rare and short spare moments, let me recommend THE LITTLE WORLD OF DON CAMILLO by Giovanni Guareschi or that other book by the same delightful author DON CAMILLO'S DILEMMA. The charm of the stories contained in each of these two books is enhanced by the small sketches with which Guareschi accompanies them. The sketches usually depict Don Camillo on wings and Mayor Peppone with horns. This of course is only fitting since Don Camillo is the parish priest of a small Italian town and the mayor, Peppone, is its Communist leader. Despite their conflicting ways of life, these two men have a deep but never openly admitted fondness for each other. Both are men of simplicity but the wisdom of the priest often conflicts with the less wise activities of the mayor. Peppone is a Communist in name only, his activities for "the party" motivated by his need for importance. Basically, he and Don Camillo agree and it is this fact that adds such hilarity to the situations in which they find themselves involved. When Don Camillo refuses to baptize Peppone's child Lenin Libero Antonio, a physical conflict ensues. A compromise is finally reached, however, and the name Libero Camillo Lenin is decided upon, Don Camillo confident at this point that the name Camillo will cancel out that of Lenin. A truly funny and entertaining author Guareschi is one you should get to know.

Still Out

Commonly thought of as a children's book, ALICE IN WONDERLAND is not widely read in college circles. Actually it has much to offer the adult reader. Although it deals with childhood impressions, its content brings it beyond concepts which are childlike. In ALICE Louis Carroll satirizes the polite mores as seen through the eyes of the child. Alice's impression of her relationship to the world about her, to herself, and of the things of the world to each other is very confused. At times she seems to be almost schizophrenic in her reactions. The numerous physical changes which she undergoes while trying to gain entrance to the garden is an example of her inability to identify herself as a definite person. Her flights of fancy become quite interesting as she tries to fancy:

"what the flame of a candle looks like after the candle is blown out, for she could not remember ever having seen such a thing."

It is surprising to note the number of places in which reference is made to Alice or to one of her associates quite unexpectedly. G. K. Chesterton in discussing Saint Francis makes reference to a statement of the Red Queen, in order to clarify a point. It's really worth the effort to reread ALICE if you've read it before and if you've never read it you don't know what you're missing

introducing the contributors to **LORIA**

A visit to Rome in 1952 was the inspiration for **BEATRICE BASILI'S** "Too Soon the Morning." The musical references in Beatrice's first contribution to *Loria* are possibly related to her orchestra leadership in high school.

A sophomore and past contributor, **ANNE BUCKLEY** is presently serving as poetry editor of *Loria*. In addition to collecting and editing the poems of others, Anne found time to write one herself, "Incident in a Spanish Square."

From some summer reading in *My Russia Today*, **BRENDA BUCKLEY** became interested in the religious practices of that country and the result is "Bogoroditza." Brenda's a sophomore and this is her first *Loria* publication.

With "12 Hazel Lane," **FRANCES BRACKEN**, a sophomore English major, makes her debut in *Loria*. Frances' article is the result of her deep admiration for the writing of Phyllis McGinley.

PHILOMENA CAPOTOSTO, a history major and president of St. Joseph's debating club, waited until her senior year to produce an article for *Loria*. Her interest, "Chiang or Mao Tse-Tung?" is also a topic for current debates.

ELENA COBAN'S a senior sociology major which might account for her article, "A Neighborhood Study." This study is based, for the most part, upon Elena's first hand observations.

With a year of experience on *Loria* behind her, **JOAN COSTA** is now editor of articles and essays. Joan's essay, "What Do They Read?", is an outcome of her major—child study.

A poet from way back **CATHERINE D'EMIC** has been coming to the *Loria* meetings for over a year. Her poem, "Growing Up," is Catherine's first publication in this magazine.

MARY EMILIO, a junior English major, is one of those poets who scrawl verse on odd sized scraps of nondescript paper. With the publication of "Come Back My Love," *Loria* brings to light one of Mary's many creations.

Now a senior with a series of *Loria* publications behind her, **ANN FALLERT** once again produces her column, "Musings on the Muses." Ann's literary versatility is further evidenced by her poems, "Impedimenta," "Quid Pro Quo" and "To Be."

BARBARA KENNEDY'S cartooning is well known among those lucky enough to have sat next to her in class. Barbara now takes her witty pen in hand for *Loria* to illustrate "Impedimenta."

ANITA LA FEMINA'S a sophomore who was responsible for much of the organization behind last Spring's *Loria* exhibit. A poem, "Snow Time" is her contribution to this issue.

Now art editor, **RITA McCANN'S** drawings should be familiar to readers of *Loria* for the past three years. In this issue, Rita's responsible for layout as well as the illustration for "Bogoroditza."

A senior English major, **FLORENCE PYNE** is not a newcomer to *Loria's* pages. Florence's "A Question of Responsibility" was suggested by an experience at Mrs. Berger's, St. Joseph's unofficial boarding house.

A staff member of *Loria* since her freshman year, **MARY SHEA** currently occupies the position of editor. A senior math major, her contributions to this issue include a short story and the cover design.

SUZANNE TODD, a senior contributor to *Loria*, initiates in this issue a column on book news. "What's in a Book." Besides indulging in bibliophilism, Suzanne has also written "First Trauma" a short story.

Another first try columnist and assistant editor of *Loria*, **LUCILLE WATERS** embellishes this issue with "Words to the Wise." Lucille's column is an attempt to continue the tradition begun by Carmen Ortega's "They Tell Me."

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ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

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RECIPE FOR GREATNESS

FLORENCE PYNE '55

Hnala, of the tribe of Hass, sat on a rock in front of her aunt's cave. She was modishly attired in a doe skin skirt and a bear skin cape, and she had bound up her long brown hair in a strip of rawhide, she was even wearing a beautiful necklace of bear claws, but she was most definitely not happy. She felt more like the flower bedecked doe that was yearly sacrificed to the Great Tree, than like a young girl dressed in her best clothes.

"Hnala, Hnala," her aunt shouted impatiently, "stop sitting there like one of the moon-bewitched and come help me paint my face."

Hnala got up slowly and went into the cave. She still stood rather in awe of her aunt, who was one of the chief story-tellers. The story-tellers, although technically inferior to the hunter and warrior clan, were actually the most powerful group in the tribe because they had complete control of bringing up the young. This was a dreadfully important job, Hnala thought, and, as her aunt continually told her, she was a very lucky girl to have the chance to become a story-teller. Hnala agreed that she was lucky, but she wondered if the luck was good or bad.

As she smeared the blue paint on her aunt's face she dreamed, as she often had, of the day when her own face would be painted blue and she would take her place in the council of the story-tellers. For nearly four years now, she had been apprenticed to her aunt, and today she was to undergo the first of the three ordeals that would determine whether or not she was fit to become a story-teller.

Four years ago she had left the cave of her parents to dwell with her mother's sister. She had been very happy during those years. She had sat at the feet of her aunt and the other wise-ones among the story-tellers and had learned the stories, and how to tell them. They were substantially the same stories that had been told to her when she was a little girl but now she learned them in a different manner. She learned too, of the first tellers of stories, of the great Dooee who had brought about such radical changes in the methods of story-telling, and she also learned, to her great surprise, that some of the stories weren't true. Lately she had been watching the wise-ones tell stories and occasionally had even told one herself, but this — to have to tell a story while one of the great ones of the story-tellers watched, and to have to do it three separate times!

At first Hnala had been frightened of all the story-tellers, but she had gotten used to most of them. She was still terrified, though, of these three great ones, who were the most famous living story-tellers. Of course she had sat at their feet, and had watched and listened while they told stories, but on the rare occasions when one of them had spoken to her she had been unable to do anything but blush, stammer, and giggle. She shivered at the thought of having to tell a story in front of a great one, and she got some of the blue paint into her aunt's eye.

"You stupid, worthless wretch," Aunt Kla screamed, "why aren't you more careful, you'll never make a story-teller. You'll fail and that will be the end of you."

"What — what will happen if I fail?" faltered Hnala.

"Don't you know?" Kla replied, "don't you remember what happened to Saa?"

"Saa? Did she fail? Is that why she never returned? But they said she was killed by a bear. I don't understand, what really happened, tell me! Tell me!" Hnala demanded.

"Well," Kla, who by this time had recovered from her anger, deliberated, and then said, "I suppose since I've told you this much I've got to tell you the rest. She really was killed by a bear, but it was after she had failed as a story-teller and had been cast out of the tribe. They drove her into the forest and a bear got her. Some hunters found her a few days later, or to be more exact they found some bits and pieces that the bear evidently didn't want."

"Oh! I see. I wondered what she was doing in the forest."

"And you see why you mustn't fail?"

Hnala shivered a little but contrived to keep her voice steady, "Yes, of course, but why is it kept such a secret?"

"Because they're afraid that if the penalty for failure is known the girls about to take the test will lose what few wits they have, through fear." Kla shook her head sadly. "I wish I hadn't told you," she went on, "I'll be disgraced if you fail, after all you are my niece. Well it'll be my fault if you do after I told you that secret, I guess I'll just have to tell you another to make up for it."

"Another secret, one that will help me?"

"Yes, if you've the wits to appreciate it," Kla dropped her voice to an impressive whisper, "the great ones are people, just like us."

"What's so secret about that? I never said they weren't."

"No, you never said they weren't," mimicked Kla, "but you certainly have been acting as if they weren't, you and all the others in training with you. I knew all three of them before they became so great. Ndla went through training with me, Veed was just an ordinary story-teller then. I watched her tell stories often, and Janne, who is supposed to be the greatest of them all was my first story-teller when I was a little girl. I'll admit that they all could tell a good story but I never heard anything as foolish as the way you youngsters have been acting. Remember what I've told you when you go for your test, they're just like anyone."

"Do you mean I should act as though they weren't the great ones at all? As if they were my own age? It's all very well for you to talk, you're a regular story-teller now, but weren't there great ones who tested you, and weren't you scared?"

"Yes," said Kla, "I was so terrified when I went to take my first test that I almost failed. In fact I would have failed if Janne hadn't happened to be my first tester. You see she had been so sweet to me when I was a little girl that I

was sure she would be just as kind in marking me, and that gave me confidence. I'm not saying it isn't natural to be afraid, but your chances are much better if you're calm."

"I—I'll try, aunt."

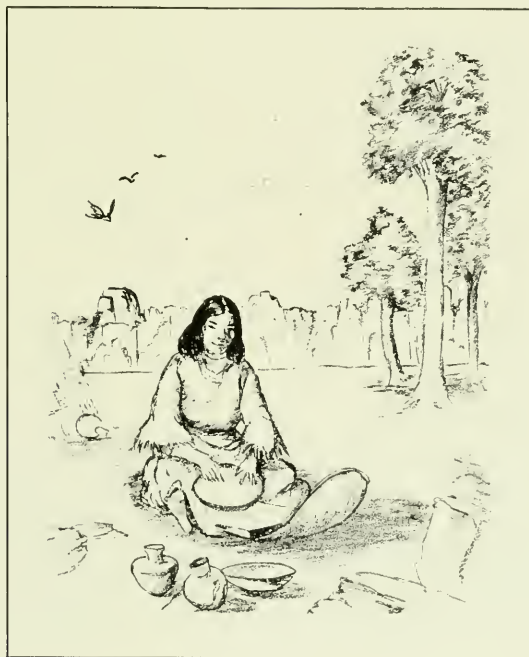
"Just remember that they're not trying to fail you. They'll do everything they can to make it easier for you, but if you get nervous and go to pieces they'll just have to fail you."

She got up and clapped Hnala on the shoulder. "Of course you'll pass, aren't you my niece and didn't I train you?" They went out of the cave hand in hand.

Hnala told her story well that day and passed with flying colors, and after that the other two tests were easy. A very short time after that Hnala, with her face a lovely shade of blue, sat for the first time among the story tellers and looked with pity at the young girls, standing in the back of the council chamber, who had just begun their apprenticeship. Veed walked into the cave and sank down next to her.

"Honestly, Hnala, did you ever see a less promising lot?" she asked.

"Well Veed," Hnala replied, "they're young you know, and they're terribly scared of us."



ONE GIRL'S OPINION

EVELYN WRIGHT '57

Christ once said of the man who buried his talent. "Cast the unprofitable servant into the darkness, where there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth." All men have been given as one of their talents a part of the personality of God—love. Included in this, an intimate part of the talent, is understanding and the desire and ability to sacrifice. It is this one talent that brings man closest to God, and fits him for a great state in life, marriage.

Discarding the romantic tintype marriage, portrayed in books and motion pictures, we might turn for a moment to this subject with an analytic and reasoning mind. At the risk of being prosaic we might even ask, "What is this thing called love?"

We know that love exists yet its expressions are so manifold that it is difficult to strip it of its externals and secure its essence. God loves man; parents love their children; man loves his fellow-man; a husband loves his wife. What then is the difference? The answer lies in degree and the relationship of lover to loved.

All men love good and spend their entire life in pursuit of it. We seek the solitude and comfort of nature because it is a reflection of this perfection we seek. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley sought their happiness in contemplating its symmetry, its variability, the beauty of trees, flowers, mountains and streams. Thompson sought to become one with nature and to rest within the bosom of mother earth. Others turn to man for in his soul they see the stepping stone to the Highest Good. Each man is selfish in his generosity. He loves because that which he loves is a symbol, a living representative with whom and by means of which his soul shall be ultimately satisfied. Sacrifice of necessity must go hand in hand. Just as we give up snacks to get thin, or movies to buy a new dress so does the lover sacrifice the lesser for the greater. We love a person, we say, for himself, but goodness is a part of him and it is our innate desire for and pursuit of this that makes us discover it in others. Love is like the Eiffel Tower. Nature is the lower part, easy to reach and accessible to all. Next comes human love, higher but more difficult to attain. Finally, the pinnacle of the tower is God, a long climb but offering the best view. We notice too, that for all these things the lover shares a sense of intimate understanding with the loved, for in him he sees a partial reflection of himself. Man is a product of God's hand, made in His image and likeness; this then establishes the basis for love of God for man, and man for man.

Passing from this to one of the highest expressions of human love, marriage, we are able to arrive at its basic requisite—understanding. This makes it possible for a union to exist and in this case makes it a complete union—intellectually, physically, and spiritually. Everyone has something to offer the world and in marriage one of the principal delights lies in the exchange of ideas and information. Marriage is a partnership—two people unite and seek their ultimate goal together. Because they both seek goodness, each is able to offer to the other help and encouragement. Life is a stormy sea; each day a shared experience that brings them closer to their destiny; marriage the instrument, the ship, that carries husband and wife to God. This is all part of the great plan, in which each partner complements the other, thus forming one complete entity. The outward indication of this is, of course, the physical union, by which love can be expressed in its highest degree and ennobled by the fulfillment of its purpose, the creation of new life. At this same time man and woman are giving to God a visible manifestation of the talent which they have developed and matured. The potentiality becomes actuality: the physical leads to the spiritual.

Thus when man and woman promise to love, they are promising to develop in themselves their potential ability to be like God, and are pledging themselves to seek Goodness or God through each other.

One of the most valuable gifts which God has given us is our memory. This is our tie with the past. I do not want to relive the past but sometimes I like to recall that part of my life which ended rather abruptly with a plane trip across the Atlantic.

Almost fourteen years of my life were spent in Ireland but not quite five years ago I descended the narrow ramp at Idlewild Airport to begin a new and completely different stepping stone in my life. One of the most vivid impressions of those first days was the part that the Roman Catholic Church plays in the life of the American Catholic. In order to explain why this caught my attention I must recall a little of the past. I was reared in an atmosphere completely dominated by the Church. From infancy it was part of me as it was of every Irish person. I knew only Catholics and a non-Catholic church was a rarity in the section from which I came.

As soon as possible after an infant was born it was baptized and then it was really a part of the Catholic home. The kitchen was the major room in the Irish home and the coal or turf fire was a major part of the kitchen. Hanging on the wall directly opposite the fire was a large picture of the Sacred Heart to whom every home was consecrated. Directly opposite this or over the fireplace was a picture of the Holy Family. Each night the family gathered before the picture and recited the rosary. In a sense, a man's day was governed by the Angelus. The Angelus bell first rang at eight o'clock in the morning. This was his signal to go to the fields. At noon it again tolled and everyone stood and prayed. Again at six o'clock it echoed in the distance. This marked another time for prayer and the end of another day.

Upon entering a house you usually greeted your friends by saying, "God bless all here," to which you received the reply, "God save you kindly." As you left you blessed yourself with Holy Water from the font which was always found by the door. Then you left hearing the words, "God be with you."

Every feast day had its religious significance unmarred by any commercial aspect. At Christmas there was no Christmas tree or exchange of gifts among adults but Santa still kept his place in the hearts of the children. Still the realization that this was the day on which Christ was born made this the most joyous day of the year. Everyone felt that this was His birthday, a day on which He should be honored, a day of prayer. People travelled miles through fields and bogs to attend Mass and Holy Communion. Passiontide and Easter also played a prominent part in Irish life. If you could not get to church on Good Friday you made the Stations at home. On Easter Sunday one of the main events of the day was taking three drinks of Easter water to signify the glory of the Resurrection after the three days which Christ spent in the tomb. On May Day, the first of May, water was specially blessed and the people sprinkled it on their newly sown crops asking God to bless their work.

Priests held a particularly high place in Irish life. They were honored not as individuals but because they often carried the Blessed Sacrament on their person. When a child met a clergyman on the roadside he always bowed on his right knee.

Having read some of my memories you can see that ritual and prayer were closely integrated in Irish life. You can also appreciate why the position of the Catholic Church in the United States impressed me. For the first time in my life I actually realized, (although I had always known it) that there were other religions beside my own. I began to live among people of different races and religions where Catholics were in the minority, where Catholic feasts had lost much of their meaning, where ancient customs had become social taboos. What is my attitude toward the change? There are many aspects of it which I wish were different but I am glad that I am living in a new society where I can appreciate the differences which exist among men of different races and religions. I can respect the thoughts of others even though I disagree with them. My outlook on life has been broadened. Seeing all varieties of people makes me fully appreciate the full glory of God and the equality of man. However, I am grateful for my early Catholic training and wish that everyone could have the same opportunity to realize the importance of Faith, not in theory but in practice. Only through this realization can one find peace within himself and greater love of his country and his fellow man. These three attainments are the three steps to world peace. Faith is the Key that opens the door to these steps. The key has been misplaced by many. It can be found by a closer integration of spiritual and home life. Let's find it.



MUSINGS ON THE MUSES



ANN FALLERT '55

Something I Saw

Alec Guinness is back again. This time he takes the title role in "The Detective," an English comedy based on the Father Brown stories by G. K. Chesterton. This is a plum role for Mr. Guinness. He creates an eccentric, lovable detective-priest whose impulsive antics result in pleasant but not hilarious comedy. His soul-saving activities in connection with hardened crooks occasionally become a little too pat and saccharine, but that can be easily overlooked. The main plot involves an international thief called Flambeau who goes about stealing priceless art treasures to add to his private collection. He's a good fellow underneath, however, and after much breathless chasing all over the continent is naturally reformed by the unceasing efforts of Father Brown. There's even a romantic element present in the charming person of Joan Greenwood. In fact, there's something for everyone in this amusing and warm-hearted comedy.

Something I Didn't See

Edward Estlin Cummings—excuse me, I mean e. e. cummings—is quite a popular poet. When I called the Poetry Center of the Y.M.H.A. to reserve tickets for his lecture, I was told that the performance was all sold out, that there was standing room only. Weakened by a semester of assiduous study, I didn't think I could manage to stand, but now I'm sorry I missed it. The ad called him "the indomitable *enfant terrible* of American poetry" and I've always wanted to see one of them. I guess a lot of other people wanted to see one too. Interest might also have been engendered by the recent publication of a new collection of his work by Harcourt, Brace, **Poems: 1923-1954**. By the way, Webster says that an *enfant terrible* is a child whose inopportune remarks cause embarrassment. I don't really think the ad meant to imply this. I know many people that have been mystified or annoyed or even repelled by Cummings' poetry, but I can't think of anyone that was ever embarrassed by it. However, this appellation is rather appropriate since some irritated critics consider his preoccupation with radically unconventional form to be a puerile trait in spite of which much of his poetry manages to be successful. Personally, I enjoy reading his poems immensely. I think he has a tremendously fresh and vigorous imagination, and I also think that structural and typographical eccentricities are valid aids to emphasis if they are not pushed to a ridiculous point, and so I conclude with 3 cheers for e.e.

Something I'd Like to See More Of

T.V. deserves to take a long bow for its excellent presentations of dramatic classics this season. The two most outstanding productions were "Antigone" on Omnibus and "Macbeth" on The Hallmark Hall of Fame. Several similarities can be seen between them. Both are typical of the dramas that most people read but never have the opportunity to see produced. And a play's not really a play until it is played by actors on a stage in front of an audience. Both of them boasted casts of accomplished Broadway actors and actresses. "Antigone" had Beatrice Straight, Barry Jones and Kevin McCarthy as its principals. Macbeth was portrayed by Maurice Evans, and Judith Anderson made a frightening and magnificent partner in his crime. In both plays T.V. techniques such as closeups, different camera angles and lighting effects, which could never be duplicated on an ordinary stage were used artistically and always with good taste in order to produce an exciting theatrical experience. Finally, they are important in that both of them are examples of the tragic heights that have been reached by two major dramatists, one Greek, the other English, in two of the greatest periods of drama in the history of literature. It was certainly a wonderful accomplishment for this medium to produce them, and a privilege to be able to see and enjoy them. I just hope that this is only the beginning.

Something I Liked

Well, Ernest Hemingway finally won the Nobel Prize, and it's about time he did. As one of the most original, and influential talents in contemporary American literature he certainly deserved it. I'm glad he got it too, but after reading an interview with him which was published in *The New York Times Book Review*, I'm just a little disappointed in him. Hemingway was quoted as saying 'I do not know what Man (with a capital M) means. I do know what a man (small m) is. I do know what man (with a small m) means and I hope I have learned something about men (small m) and something about women and something about animals.' In order to have great literature, great art, and I suppose that is what every writer is trying to create, there has to be a great vision behind it (those in Eng. 52 will get the point). And that vision cannot be great unless some concept of Man with a capital M is achieved. It's not sufficient for writers just to know what a small m man is and means even if that were possible. Hemingway apparently doesn't seem to think that this is important. I hope that someday he will change his mind.

Something I Didn't Like

I'm not surprised that many American playgoers and critics reacted unfavorably to Graham Greene's "The Living Room." It was a cold, bare, stuffy thing, lacking the vital emotional spark that is necessary to make a play leap over the footlights and get inside an audience. It did have a long run in London and I guess that this fact once again points up the differences in national temperament. Greene gathers together quite a group of miserable people to fill his living room. There is a crippled, useless priest, his two spinster sisters who live in constant fear of death, an amoral psychologist, his hysterically neurotic wife, and finally a young, naive girl who is the mistress of the psychologist. Greene, as usual, is primarily concerned with his conception of an infinitely merciful God. Events lead to the point at which the girl realizes that there is absolutely no hope for herself and her lover to be happy. She commits suicide, but it is suggested that she is repentant at the end (she recites a childhood prayer as she stuffs the sleeping pills into her mouth) and that she will be saved by God's unending mercy. This situation has all the elements necessary for an impressive dramatic impact. But the author never gets below the objective level. Personally, I didn't really care whether the girl went to hell or not. I hope that the general reaction to his first attempt at drama convinces Greene to return to writing novels. I'm sure that everybody would be much happier.

MY DEAR ARCHANGEL GABRIEL,

FRANCES BRACKEN '57

I write to tell you that we have welcomed another soul into Authors' Row. You surely knew her when she was on earth, Gabriel, for she had great devotion to Our Blessed Lady and she probably mentioned you in one of her books. Caryll Houselander is her name.

I was her guardian for the fifty-three years she lived on earth and I must admit it was a very pleasant task.

Born in England, she was educated in Warwickshire, at a French Convent School. As a young child her idol was the famous English barrister, George Spencer Bower. He was such an unconventional fellow, Gabriel,—always going to the theatre, sipping tea with social climbers, yet winning the most difficult cases at court. Occasionally, he would bring Caryll to the court trials. (It was so exciting, Gabriel, to see justice triumph. I always would wink an angelic eye at the opposing factors.) Realizing the great influence this barrister exerted on Caryll Houselander, he worried me greatly for several years. He was not a Catholic. In fact, he was an agnostic. But ironic though it seems, it was through him that Caryll Houselander was converted. It seems this barrister always wanted to become a Catholic, but was never converted. When he told Caryll Houselander's mother of his admiration for Catholicism and urged that she introduce her daughter to its wonders, she consented. Caryll was then brought into the Catholic Church. I, needless to say, was jubilantly happy and secretly pleased (that is, if we can keep any secrets from Him).

With the passing of childhood, she studied art and used it as a means of earning a livelihood. Even in her art was she unique. She would positively assert that she did not like painting but enjoyed carving and drawing with pencil and chalk. For many years she carved statues, Stations of the Cross, and illustrated children's books. During this time I was always pleased with her. Art and deep religious contemplation moved side by side in her work.

Perhaps you wonder, Gabriel, why she is in the author's department? No, Peter did not direct her there by mistake. She was a writer also. She dedicated the last twelve years of her life to writing. Among her accomplishments were a novel, a book of poems, and a book of meditative essays.

The book which I enjoyed most, Gabriel, was *THE REED OF GOD*. When she wrote it, her whole being sang its praises to Mary. Every line radiated her love of Christ and His Mother. I was so happy to be her guardian, Gabriel, when I saw all those hundreds of people on earth reading it and when they had finished,—falling in love, not with the style, or the author, but with the reed of God, with Mary.

For a few years before her death, her health was very poor, but the spirit in which she suffered was very much like His. Her suffering, like her writing, abhorred that facile twentieth-century gloom. She died peacefully October 12, 1954.

In one of her books, Caryll Houselander described the Assumption by saying, "In heaven Our Lady is with God." I write to you, Gabriel, to tell you that Caryll Houselander is with Our Lady.

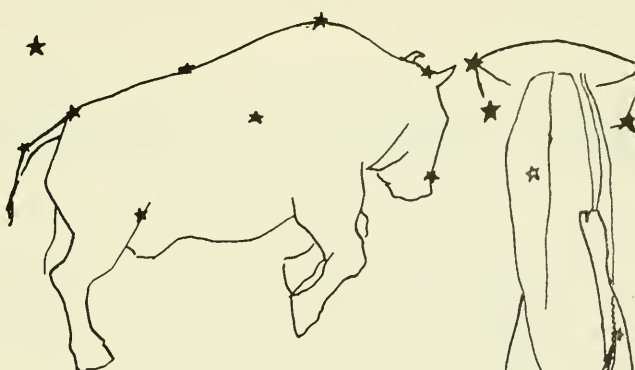
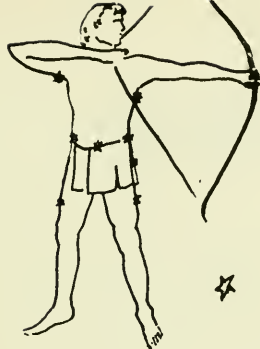
Your angelic friend,

Michael

HE

*If He could cause the stars to twinkle
The sun to cast its light
If He could make the shadows dance
In a world of dark and bright
If He could take a speck of nothing
And turn it into me
How could I create a vision
Of what is really He.*

BEATRICE BASILI '58



SKYCOMBER

Last night, a flat and windless night, when clouds were not,

I lay long prone upon the nubby tar of roof.

Apart in space and time from that above me,

I watched Orion raise his hunter's head

To chase brave Taurus cross the crowded sphere.

Antares, countless fathoms up, watched too.

Then Ursa Minor spilled a light

But stubborn light years intervened to catch it.

Tantalized, I reached up high

To draw all down

To drown

In sky.



ANN FALLERT '55



AT LAST . . . NOTHING

SUZANNE TODD '55

I.

I thought one afternoon that I certainly must try again. I had to try again. Trying had become an integral part of my life. As I plotted my strategy, it seemed that all of the heartache of former attempts became concentrated in one lump and stared me in the face. In the course of less than an hour, a lifetime of hurt travelled through my mind. How is it that I wanted this so much—to be accepted by one person? Others more capable had loved me. But this one word of acceptance which was lacking to me was the only one I wanted. Can one person's love mean so much? I thought so then.

A blazing fire illuminated scenes too well remembered. The comforting hands that held a stiff nylon brush rhythmically plied it to the long golden tresses that framed my face. In a half sleep I heard the voices surrounding me rise and decline in a pattern of varied significance.

"Such beautiful hair: see how it gleams in the light. Touch it. It is more like silk than the real thing."

"It crowns a thing unpleasant to me. Don't mention it if you please."

"But you over emphasize the importance of a natural stage in development. There is nothing ugly here. The child is beautiful if you would only take the trouble to look. Turn your head my pet so that my brush may do justice to the other side. See how she loves the fire. She is almost in a trance. I do wish at times that I could experience that detachment of youth."

"Youth is it! The child is not normal. I'm convinced that there is something amiss. How can she sit there so unconcerned? Why doesn't she speak? Are we invisible to her? What can be hoped for from a clod like that? There is something to be maintained in her name. She cannot maintain it."

"Don't speak so in her presence. She may hear you for all you know. How can you count on her complete withdrawal? It is cruel to label her in this way to her very face."

"Cruel is a strong word. It is right that she should hear this judgment. She might as well be clay for all the accomplishments she can enumerate. What you can see in her to admire is beyond me."

"She is yet a child. You forget that. You expect far too much now. Turn out the lights sweet so that we may leave. We will meet you at the car."

II.

The fire burned brighter and through the flames danced the ghost of yet other episodes, each so like to all the others. How to be what another expects is a question not too easily answered. What is it? What is it? How can I know? What can I do? Everything I do is wrong. Is it because I'm me that every act is unsatisfactory? There must be some way for me to be right. Sometimes I feel that I must be different from all of the other people in the world. Yet, I look like anyone else. I can't fathom that in my actions which is the cause of such scorn. Must I always feel so alone? Perhaps if I don't see the world about me I'll be able to escape it. I don't want to be part of it the way it is. Thus was life at age fourteen. I wanted happiness and to me he was happiness. He didn't want me. I remember so well.

"Turn out the lights sweet so that we may leave. We will meet you at the car."

"Is she capable? How do you know that she even hears you?"

"Hush now. It's time to go; don't start a scene. She will be here soon and the lights will be out. You'll see. It's an ordinary enough thing to ask—that she turn out the lights. Start the car. There's nothing wrong with her. Why torment the child."

"She's retarded. She can't even take three steps without falling all over herself. How should I know she can put out the lights? She may turn them on for all we know. If she doesn't do things backwards she does them wrong. Always a mistake. You know that as well as I do."

"Have you done what I asked, child? Good then we'll be on our way."

"Just a minute. I'll be back. I must see for myself this great accomplishment."

"Don't look so frightened, my sweet. He'll be right back. You are a funny little thing. It's as if you think that once he's out of sight you'll never find him again. Here he comes now. Smile for him; he'll like that."

"Well I was right again. The light in the hall closet was burning as bright as you please and the door closed on it to hide the glow. I've told you again and again that she's as stupid as the day is long."

III.

No longer was the fire bright. The warmth left the room as it had been leaving my heart with increasing rapidity. The smell of cider and the feel of frost in the air awaken the germ of a

horrible dream. Or was it a dream? A trickle of snow on the rug recalls, with haunting persistency, the stoney face whose stare was like a slap. Music soothes the savage beast so they say. An understatement this. Far more comforting is its opiate effect on the timid wounded child. When I felt that life was at an end, it lulled me to unconsciousness. For at times it seemed more than I could bear to listen to his voice, chiding and superior, ridicule the child who wanted his love. The impact of his words—why does it linger in my mind with such vividness? This is a new day. The man is now a man. He no longer weaves his spell. And yet the memories—

"Run along to the store, dear. His shoes can wait. He won't need them until long after you return. I need the bread right away. If he says anything I'll explain. Run along, run along."

"Where is your child?"

"I didn't hear you come in. Have a drink and sit with me awhile. Our child has gone to do an errand for me. Had you a particular reason for wanting to see her right now?"

"I left her a small task. You so constantly try to impress me with her capabilities that I've decided to put them to use. Do you know if she has shined the brown shoes?"

"She will do it when she returns."

"Egad woman! She's had the whole day and surely it wouldn't have taken many minutes of her time to do as I asked. Don't excuse her. Admit that she is unreliable. You infuriate me—both of you—she with her sniveling fawning way and you for trying to protect her."

"She will do them. What more do you want?"

"They should have been done before this. Did you forget to prod her or was it that you didn't have enough time to supervise to make sure that she would use shoe polish rather than shaving cream? Send her to bed when she comes in. I don't want to see her."

IV.

Pain! Pain! Pain! Is there no end to it? He was not the only one who tortured me. I tortured myself. To skulk and lurk behind closed doors is an appalling pastime for a child. But secretly listening to his tirades when he thought I was not about became very important to me. It was part of a pattern which, however miserable, supplied some security by means of its consistency. But patterns do break and this one broke with a suddenness that made it quite unexpected. Strange that all of my attempts to win him fell on sterile ground. Strange that his closest companion, his wife, was unable to move him. Strange that a stranger accomplished the seemingly impossible, unwittingly. Why strange? I don't know. Unexplainable is the closest I come in explanation.

"Why are you so late?"

"I stopped to chat with the chap who moved in next door. It seems that his son is quite taken with our daughter. A pretty little thing he called her. You know I think he's right. She is rather pretty. I hadn't noticed before."

There it was. It was what I had wanted a word of praise. This was my fulfillment. But where was the ecstasy? It just wasn't there because all of a sudden I no longer cared.

TO MY MODERN MUSE

*Does this line fit, will it catch their attention,
Does it startle you when you read?
Oh no! no rhyme, of meter no mention
Prose rhythm is what we need.
One line must be short, to shock them
One long as the thought demands,
Punctuation will stop them.
What did you say? It scans!'
Heavens to Betsy that line's wrong
It read like poetry.
"A nest of birds" could sing a song
But none of that for me.*

FLORENCE PYNE '55



TO THE WISE

LUCILLE WATERS '56

"Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again?"

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

So weeps the alumna who has reached her twenty-fifth birthday—or so everyone thinks. For some reason this is considered the crucial year in the lives of women. If they haven't announced their nuptials at this point, it's commonly accepted that they never will. Their friends begin to look on them with sympathy. "Spinster" becomes a mental addition to the "B.A." which already follows their name.

I wonder if people realize that many women, particularly college women, marry successfully *after* twenty-five. Or that a great number of those who don't, remain single *by choice*. The happy, unmarried school teachers, social workers, and business women are doing what they *want* to do. They haven't been forced into their position. They've found their place and they're content.

"The Devil can cite scripture for his own purpose."

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

So why can't we? It's a shame that so few Catholics are on reading terms with the Bible. They may read commentaries on it, or commentaries on the commentaries, but they never reach the Sacred Book itself. But why? It's certainly interesting and beautifully written. Take the Old Testament for instance; it has characters and stories to suit all tastes. For the romantics there's the story of Ruth, for the medical minded there's Tobias, for those with troubles there's Job. The Epistles offer the practical moralists St. Paul while the speculative minds can spend years trying to fathom the Apocalypse. So why don't we try to talk ourselves and our friends into reading the Scriptures? It's a book that offers a wealth of information and inspiration to all readers.

"All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, Oh, Oh."

MACBETH

If Lady Macbeth thought that she had reason to complain she should visit the biology and chemistry labs. Any girl there will vouch for the fact that blood has nothing on formaldehyde or H₂S. Try as she might, the victim who has spent a morning or afternoon in the midst of these, can't get rid of the traces of dead cats and dogfish. Despite the persuasion of all kinds of soaps and disinfectants, her past fingers on through lunch, afternoon classes and extra-curricular activities. Formaldehyde in particular is no respecter of persons. It pervades the world of the casually interested student who is simply electing a course as thoroughly as the world of the rabid future scientists. It's a herald that announces the arrival of a biologist into any group. One whiff and the world knows who has appeared. That's more than Lady Macbeth can say, isn't it?

*"I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so because I think him so."*

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

If anything proves that Shakespeare knew a woman's mind it's this quotation. I can't think of a girl at St. Joe's who wouldn't like to answer like this just once—when called on in class to evaluate some author, philosopher or historical figure. "Dear Professor, I think he's good because I think he's good." Or "I liked his book because I liked his book. Don't ask me silly questions like *why*." Oh for a chance to say this once—just once. College would be complete.

"For mine own part, it was Greek to me."

JULIUS CAESAR

. . . and to everyone else I think. Have you ever tried to decipher an argyle pattern? It's the most mysterious thing in the world with its varied diamonds and many cross stitches. Yet once you pass through the looking stage and proceed to the doing stage things change and making argyles can become one of your favorite forms of relaxation or even a major achievement. For that matter, making anything yourself is a real accomplishment. Have you ever made a skirt for yourself or curtains for your bedroom? Have you ever given a "home-made" Christmas present? If you're a novice along these lines, your gifts will either fall apart after being used twice or they won't fit the persons for whom they're intended. They'll cost you twice as much to make as they would to buy and they'll take much more of your time than the most involved shopping expedition could. (One year a friend and I decided to make each other's birthday presents. Two months before my birthday we bought a skirt pattern and material for my present. Two birthdays later I received the gift.) But despite the time and effort you expend there really are dividends. You get the strangest sense of pride in the most bedraggled looking sock!

"The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she."

AS YOU LIKE IT

St. Joe's has the fair and the chaste but there's not an unexpressive she in the college. Gone are the days when fluttering the eyelashes was a full time occupation for every girl over fourteen.

Nowadays that occupation has given place to talking and opinionating. And what an improvement this is. Can you picture yourself the eighteenth-century type, responding with ohs and ahs to everything your date might say. And just consider what he probably would talk about with you. He'd never discuss politics, current authors or existentialism; they'd be above you. You'd be reduced to the weather or the latest fashions.

When you come right down to it, I guess we were born at the right time. It's much more fun being amateur psychologists or philosophers on dates than being yes men. Don't you agree?

"Devise wit! Write pen! for I am for whole volumes in folio."

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

I'm not as ambitious as Shakespeare. I only want to fill up two pages in LORIA. But I'm sure he couldn't have had as hard a time as I have. Oh well, maybe it'll be easier next issue.

THE ARAB STATES . . . ALLIES OR FOES?

PHILOMENA CAPOTOSTO '55

The Arab world owes its modern existence to the revolt during World War I in which it mobilized on the side of the West to throw off the yoke of Turkish despotism.

At the war's end, Arab leadership, counting the Arab world as part of the Allies, awaited the freedom promised in Wilson's Fourteen Points. Instead, the visitors went on to carve the Turkish Empire among themselves and partitioned long established Arab unities, partitions which were always associated with the imperial policy of divide and rule. Syria, which had included Palestine, Jordan and most of Lebanon, was divided into four states. France, under the device of the mandate system of the League of Nations, attached present Syria and Lebanon. England took Palestine and Jordan while greater or lesser degrees of British control were extended to Egypt and Iraq. In Palestine, the British mandate included an ambiguous promise to establish a national homeland for the Jews (Balfour Declaration) which, along with the whole mandate system was opposed by the Arab world. In their eyes it was merely an exchange of Turkish imperialism for British and French.

Between the two wars, Arab discontent increased, expressing itself in periodic revolts. Whereas in World War I Arab patriotism had sided with the West, when World War II was in progress it appeared in the Near East as it did in the Far East to be an opportunity to remove all foreign domination. Some Arab leaders were even disposed to cooperate with the Germans, not because they were pro-German, but because they were anti-British and anti-French.

The Arab states, having achieved separate political independence in gradual stages, desired unity among themselves. But, since these countries had developed as separate states since 1919, local interests and local allegiances had emerged which could not be immediately submerged in a complete union. The result was a league of sovereign states comprised of Egypt, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Syria, Lebanon, Transjordan, and Yemen—seven states with a total population of about forty million whose object in the words of the pact signed on March 22, 1945, is, "To draw closer the relations between them, to coordinate their political action, to safeguard their independence and sovereignty. . . ."

The present situation in relations between the West and the Arab League revolves around four

sources of friction which are all interrelated. The first and probably the most difficult to deal with, is an increasingly organized but still basically frustrated nationalism. The second is the part that the West played in the creation, and that it continues to play in the maintenance of the state of Israel. The third revolves around the economic condition of the Arab world. The fourth is the security of the region. This source of friction has been generated by the West as a consequence of bad relations with the Soviet Union. This is not a matter of primary concern to the states of the region, as they interpret their interests.

Inspired by the success of the Asian nations, the Arab states have sought to free themselves absolutely from Western control or influence. The effect of these nationalistic drives has been felt by the West, not merely in situations where military or political control had been exercised, but in the economic field as well.

The historically acquired treaty privileges and special positions of England and France, are under heavy organized attack. The United States is consequently in a difficult situation. Up to the present moment, the Arab states have read American policy as not only supporting the treaty privileges and special positions of England and France, but as aiming at developing an equivalent position for the United States.

This judgment has been confirmed in the Arab view, by the Western role in the creation and support of Israel. The United States, in Arab eyes, bears a large, if not the largest share of responsibility, although England is blamed for permitting the slow growth of Zionism.

Uneasy military armistice continues in Palestine; hatred is kept alive by the Arab refugee problem, by economic rivalry, and by constantly recurring border incidents. The relatively greater strength of Israel is held to be the result of Western support. It is undoubtedly true that American aid to Israel has been on a more generous scale than for any other Middle East state. The disparity of aid given the state of Israel as compared with help for its neighboring states leads the Arabs to believe that our interest in their welfare is small indeed! The Arabs are well aware of the fact that the small state of Israel cannot support its present population, and yet they see it bringing in ever increasing numbers of new settlers. American money makes this possible. At the same time that

American dollars build homes and provide food for Israeli refugees, almost a million Arab refugees remain homeless and hungry. Coupled with the disparity of financial aid has been the failure of the American government to condemn aggression elsewhere.

The poverty of the region is viewed by the Arabs as a result of western domination. It is feared that Western enterprises and governments will continue to exploit the Middle East as a source of raw materials, etc. Arab nationalism tends to the view that the very fact of Western superiority in economic resources and technical knowledge precludes a mutually beneficial economic relationship unless specific provision is made to protect Arab interests. Consequently, Middle Eastern governments impose so many conditions and restrictions on all offers of aid that friction inevitably develops.

Although there is a vague desire for some sort of joint action, the Arab states find it difficult to accept the idea that they must join the West in a pact directed essentially against the Soviet Union while the Western powers are as one in backing Great Britain and France and in supporting the local threat of Israel. Soviet underground policy consists of doing everything possible to bring about the withdrawal of the West on unfriendly terms, so as to leave the Middle East a power vacuum for Communism to fill. Soviet propaganda has persistently played on the discontent bred by social conditions such as low standards of living, corruption and inefficiency of the ruling classes, strivings of ethnic and religious minorities and in the political sphere, governmental mismanagement and intrigue. Mindful of the potentialities of influencing the Moslems of India and the Middle East through the twenty-three million Moslems of Russia, a number of predominantly Moslem Soviet republics were erected. Soviet technique continues to be one of keeping up tension sowing confusion.

It is evident that immediate changes in policy

toward the Arab states are needed. For one thing, if the Western powers are to regain the lost friendship of the peoples of the Middle East, immediate and drastic steps must be taken to curb the power of special interests operating in that area and to fashion a new policy of fair and equitable treatment for all the nations concerned. In particular, since this area is a major source of the world's oil resources, the oil interests must be made to understand that with the peace and safety of the world at stake, they must revise and reform their business practices. Exploitation must give way to a policy of enlightened self interest that allows a reasonable profit but takes into account the national sensitivities of the country where the wells are located. Iran is sufficient demonstration that oil wells are worth nothing after good will has been lost.

Certainly aid should continue to be extended in order to help the Israeli refugees and the state of Israel. But there are forty million Arabs in the Oriental Arab countries and less than two million Israeli. Conditions among Arab refugees are far worse than among Jewish refugees. There is greater poverty generally in the Arab states than in Israel. What is necessary then, is a new Western policy toward the Middle East based on the needs of the entire region. For the United States this would mean that Congress would not grant a large sum to one Middle Eastern country without matching it with similar grants to all other Middle Eastern countries. Thus, by such fair and impartial dealing the respect and friendship of the Middle East can be regained.

We must do everything we can to cultivate friendship, so that Soviet hopes of creating a power vacuum for Communism to fill will be frustrated. Unless sympathy, understanding and fair play take the place of prejudiced and biased dealings which have characterized Western policy in the Middle East in recent years, we may find the Arab states our future foes instead of allies.

ON TIME

*Already mist dulls my eyes,
And tired with piercing shadows;
Too quickly they smart and burn—
Candles but just lit seem low.
I break my heart in crying out,
"Give me only a few more minutes."
As a child does reading a fairy tale
At night-fall. A shade draws down
And a silence, more aweful than a voice,
Tells me to go to rest and sleep.
What dreams can come, knowing not well
Those whose words were vision,
And meeting, what shall we have to say?
More silence will with the mist fill
All our spirits, with neither love nor hate.*

VIRGINIA MOSCA '57

TO SCHEDULE OR

THAT IS THE

Debated by a man



Pro

MARY E. SHEA '55

Every once in a while, a theory appears which suggests that the successful accomplishment of any task depends upon some kind of order. This theory is not an isolated opinion but has some weighty support behind it. The epistle to the Corinthians commands: "Let all things be done decently and in order" while Isaiah admonishes: "Set thine house in order." Not to let the scriptures have the last word, Alexander Pope in his "Essay on Man" ventures forth with the now famous adage: "Order is Heaven's first law."

Upon investigating the possible reasons for including order in one's activities, two major advantages present themselves. First of all, order puts things in proper perspective. As Shakespeare suggests in *Henry VIII*: "Order gave each thing view." Secondly, order assures that all things are accomplished when they should be. In relation to this, all spiritual writers agree that no real spiritual progress can be made without a set rule. They suggest a sound psychological reason for their belief: one has to know definitely when it's time to pray or else (as we well know) one may neglect to pray. The poet, Andrew Marvell, indirectly presents a third reason for an orderly life when he laments:

"At my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near."

If this discussion were concretized in our daily lives, it would simply mean that we should be organized. To date, the easiest method invented for organizing a busy life is a schedule.

The word "schedule" frightens many people but according to the dictionary, it's a quite harmless "list of things to be done." Anyone who has worked in an office is aware of the usefulness of a schedule. In business, it is a common, accepted—even respected—device. Almost any firm would go bankrupt in a week if it didn't plan ahead. Strangely enough, many people who lead lives more complex than that of any business exist without a schedule. They *exist*—but that's about all. Their lives are excellent examples of inefficiency and poor management. A good case at point is the average housewife who spends all day taking care of the house—a job that really should have a beginning and an end.

The advantages of a schedule in the life of anyone—college student, housewife, teacher—are numerous. First of all, it lets a person know where he's going so he isn't unpleasantly surprised (for example, on the night before a thesis is due or on the morning of the day on which twelve people are coming to dinner). A schedule makes sure that things get done—and on time! One big advantage of being a rational creature is that our lives don't depend upon whim or fancy or instinct. We aren't obliged (as is a dog or cat) to do whatever presents itself at the moment. We can choose and plan.

A schedule permits its maker to allot more time for complex tasks while reserving less time for trivialities. If more time has been spent on the insignificant than should

(Continued on page 18)

NOT TO SCHEDULE

QUESTION

ician and a poet



Con

ANN FALLERT '55

As an unconverted member of the "poor unscheduled class," I wouldn't give tuppence for a schedule. I don't intend to advocate turbulent chaos, it's just that I do take a mild delight in disorder. I seem to enjoy a pleasant confusion. Seriously, I wouldn't proscribe this state for everyone. This schedule—non-schedule business all depends on temperament.

If you have many things to do, as is the case with all of us, you might as well enjoy doing them. And I wouldn't enjoy doing anything on a tight and stultifying schedule basis. I believe that the things which you have to do fall into a pattern by themselves, a pattern which is related to the varying degrees of interest, concentration and inspiration that influence a person at a particular moment. I can't see squeezing them into an artificial form and sequence. After all, a human being is an emotional, impulsive, unpredictable animal, not an automaton. And most important, as an intellectual and volitional creature, he shouldn't be mechanized in his activities.

A restrictive schedule might force you to get things done, but it also stifles freedom and growth. For example, suppose a certain homework topic is scheduled for a certain hour. Suppose at that time you are in the worst possible emotional and intellectual frame of mind to respond to the subject. If you stick to the schedule you just get it done, but if you save it for an hour in which you will be more receptive to it you get twice as much out of it. Or suppose this same topic does interest you at the scheduled time, interests you so much that you would like to follow up several ideas or points in it with correlated texts or books. But only an hour is allowed on the schedule. You must go on to the next diverse topic and the spontaneous urge to pursue knowledge in the first field is wasted and lost.

Moving away from academic urges, I'd like to suppose another instance. Coming home from school one evening, you suddenly discover that there is an extraordinarily clear and beautiful sky above you. But there is not a minute on the schedule to spare for roofing it and becoming entranced for an hour or so with the celestial sphere. What to do? But I guess that only the poor unscheduled class are stargazers.

Another point concerns creativity. I write, as you can see, and I enjoy writing, but I couldn't possibly sit down and dash off a short story or a poem between 7:15 and 8:35 just because the schedule says I should. I think writing is difficult, in fact. I think it is an excruciating struggle. It takes much thought before you can crystallize your ideas, and much effort before you can get anything even closely resembling your ideas on paper. On my level it's a process that can't be forced or restricted to a specific time. I'm one of those who relies a great deal on a kind of inspiration which might come anytime at all, even after I've turned off the lights for the night.

As you can see, the idea of a scheduled existence presents to me an occasion of unnecessary pressure. I'm all for the man who said:

A poor life if, full of care,

We have no time to stand and stare.

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have been, the schedule immediately groans. A schedule also gives a definite basis for deciding whether or not anything extra can be taken on. Just a glance at the schedule settles the question.

One of the wonderful advantages of a schedule is that it makes one do things more efficiently. If an individual knows that just one hour is available for a specific job, he will probably finish it during that time. But if no limit were set, the work might conceivably lap over into the next hour with no correspondingly greater end product. As a result of encouraging efficiency, a schedule indirectly *makes* time for its maker. It allows him to do more than he could if he were a member of the poor unscheduled class. A schedule also helps to make the most of the time that's available. For example, if math comes easiest before bedtime and English Lit is intriguing right after dinner, these subjects should be scheduled accordingly. As a result, they would be done more effectively and time would again be saved.

After using a schedule for some time, one acquires an ability to estimate the length of time required for a special activity. It's a strange but true fact that not many people know even approximately how long it takes them to read an ordinary novel or to finish their week's ironing or to do any one of the things they do practically every day.

Assuming that the previous arguments have made some converts to organization, it will be necessary to consider the actual operation of a schedule. It should be written (at least roughly) to assure effective operation. After practice, it's possible to work for short periods on mental schedules but for any long range plan, memory is not the most reliable device.

A schedule should be detailed enough to be useful but not so specific as to become rigid. The schedule should serve its maker and not vice versa. An hourly schedule is probably the most efficient but this may have to be altered to suit individual personalities and moods.

Of course, schedules are made to be kept—but there are exceptions to every rule. A good schedule is flexible and should not curtail activities or make people unhappy (as some non-organizers claim) but should make it possible to do extra things and to do them more efficiently. Undoubtedly, there is a certain joy in breaking a schedule but at best it's a mixed delight. The unpleasant result is that the schedule has to be reorganized.

Oh, yes—there's one final advantage to scheduling your life. If anyone ever asks what you were doing at 3:45 P.M. on Friday, the thirteenth, you'll know in a matter of minutes.

Con (Continued from page 17)

Everyone needs a little standing and staring time. But I'm certain that no self-respecting schedulist would allot this unpractical occupation an iota of precious time. I'm not referring to standing and staring in an intellectual void into vacant space, but rather, relaxing to the background of Rachmaninoff or a bit of Dylan Thomas, something which is unassigned and spontaneous.

I suppose that it all comes down to a question of values. The things that one person thinks important, the things that can't be scheduled, seem unnecessary to someone else.

I dislike being bored just as much as I dislike being fettered, and the precise efficiency of a schedule would be dreadfully dull. Here I should say that variety's the spice of life, and all that sort of thing. Anyway, I like to think about the things I have to do, I like to choose among the things I have to do, and I like to want to do the things I have to do. This probably sounds quite confusing, but despite my apparently wanton existence I really do manage to get a few things accomplished.

If you follow my way of life, the problem of occasionally not getting things done on time might precipitate some misgivings, but there is nothing like a period of frantic worry to enable you to fully enjoy a subsequent period of pleasant peace. This element of chance also makes life interesting while producing a bloody but unbowed head. So if you like to live dangerously you can join me in yelling:

Off with the fetters
That chafe and restrain
Off with the chain

And down with schedules!

NO PEDDLERS OR BEGGARS ALLOWED

JOAN FOLEY '55

It really doesn't take much to distract me! Sometimes a familiar fragrance or even a word starts a whole chain of reactions in my little mind and before I know it I am thinking of someone or something that has affected me without my ever being aware of it. Why just the other day a simple sign on some house that I had never passed before made me think of Pop.

Pop was no relation. As a matter of fact to this day that's the only name that I remember him by. Pop was what is known in polite society as a "peddler." When he called, which was usually on a Saturday, he was ushered into the kitchen. (For in those days it was our kitchen that was larger and our father's salary that was smaller.)

In the beginning it wasn't Pop that I awaited but the appearance of the two large black valises that supported him. From the moment that the mysterious cases were opened until the time he left, my eyes were glued on the widest assortment of hair barettes, ribbons, curlers, bobby pins, needles, and handkerchiefs that I imagined anyone could wish to see. In the larger of the two bags he had disinfectant, shampoo, wash cloths, dish towels and other useful but uncolorful articles tucked away.

It wasn't until the novelty of the big black bags wore off that I began to notice Pop. I couldn't conceive of anyone being older or poorer than Pop.

In the winter he wore a black overcoat that blended in so well with the valises that the three appeared as one indistinguishable mass. I would watch him as if I expected each step to be his last as he shifted the weight of the bags from side to side. If I succeeded in gaining his attention I was quite pleased with myself. Most of the time he would not reply. It appeared to me that he was looking far ahead of him, but as I look back now I realize that Pop had the habit of thinking out loud as some older folks do.

In the winter I worried about his being out in the cold; in the summer I knew he felt the heat more than I did for he wore one of his red handkerchiefs around his neck. I remember asking my mother if he sold all that he had could he stop coming. When she replied that he would go find more to sell, I felt that the only way out was for him to die.

When we moved away Pop stopped coming and it wasn't till the other day that I thought about Pop, who ended his days in a furnished room with his overcoat and black valises.

There are some people you never forget.

Chameleon

*Rain can adapt itself to meet your moods
Tears can be tears of laughter, or of grief;
Any emotion that the heart includes
Can be expressed in rain, can find relief.
Rain can come down, a shining, sparkling song
Making the dingy world look clean and new.
Its dainty, tinkling tune seems to belong
To a celesta, and each note is true.
Or, if you'd rather, rain can play a dirge
Empty and cold, but somehow full of strife,
Until its ruthless coldness seems to emerge
Into your soul and empties it of life.
Rain is consistent in inconstancy
Making the thing you feel the thing you see.*

FLORENCE P'YNE '55

SIGNIFICANCE IN SIMPLICITY

JOAN COSTA '57

The twentieth century will always be remembered as an age of science, progress, war and perhaps of spiritual revolution. Saint Pius X sought to "renew all things in Christ" and through his efforts the Liturgical movement was born. This movement has led to a resurgence of interest in the true meaning of the public worship of the Church and particularly in the vital part played by the faithful in this worship. In understanding the necessity for the Liturgy and the significance of its rich symbolism we are able to worship God more perfectly. Since man's body and his soul are both creations of God man must worship Him with his whole self, so that interior devotion without exterior expression would be imperfect worship for it would not entail the use of a complete human nature.

The great beauty of the Liturgy has been inspired by great love. The beautiful and profound truths of our faith have been given to us by a God who is Love. In attempting to express these truths our finite love must resort to symbolism. These familiar signs can become either meaningless forms or living representations of sacred truth. Many of these symbols have been used from the earliest days of the Church. When the early Christians in the days of the Roman persecutions worshipped in private homes and in underground burial places their walls were decorated with symbols of the sacraments and disguised representations of the Cross.

One of the most fundamental doctrines of our faith is the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. Liturgically, the mystery of the Three Persons in One God is represented by three intertwining circles surrounded by one large circle from which radiate flame-like rays. The intertwining circles suggest the equality of the Three Persons; the large circle represents the unity and eternity of God. The flame-like rays remind us of the sun and that God is the true sun the source of the light and energy of faith. The Hebrew characters in the center mean Jahweh or Jehovah, the name which God gave to Himself in the Old Testament.

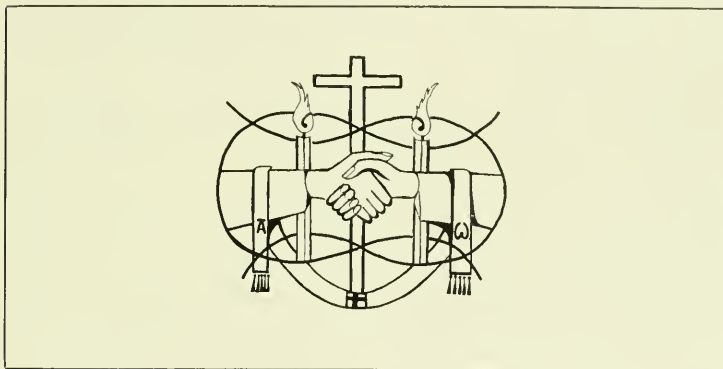
The fish was often used as an identifying symbol of Christians during the persecutions. The Greek word "ichthus" meaning "fish" is an acrostic formed from the first letters of the five Greek words meaning—Jesus Christ, God's Son, Savior. The fish has become a symbol for Christ because the fish is food just as Christ is our food in the Eucharist. The symbol for Passiontide is a fish lying in flames and embers. During His Passion and Death on the Cross, Christ became a Holocaust, a victim for our sins.

One of the most meaningful liturgical symbols is the symbol of the Mass and the sacraments. The Cross above the altar represents Christ, who, by His death, released the living waters of grace which come to us through the Mass. Thus, the waters from the Cross flow first over the altar. The main stream of grace is channelled into seven streams—the seven sacraments. Two deer drinking from the main



stream with their forefeet resting on the altar represent the faithful drinking from the stream of grace. However, we are privileged to receive grace not only from the sacraments but also by participating in the sacrifice. For this reason the forefeet of the deer are on the altar. The dove, the symbol of the Holy Spirit who, as the Spirit of Christ makes available to us the life of Christ in the Holy Mass and the sacraments, hovers above the altar.

Matrimony is unique among the sacraments because it is administered by the participants. Two hands clasped in firm agreement suggest the indissoluble union of matrimony also expressed by a single knot made from two strands. The priestly stole looped over both arms signifies the blessing of the Church on the union. The full, firm handclasp indicates mutual support—one of the ends of the sacrament. In the center of the picture forming a background, is a cross. The union of husband and wife is a miniature of Christ's union with His Church won by His death on the cross. The highest function of the Christian family is to be a miniature mystical body.



The importance of Catholic Action and the Lay Apostolate has increased tremendously in recent times. Catholic Action can only be effective when there exists a unity of Christian hierarchy and the participation of the laity in proper subordination in the apostolate of the hierarchy. The full significance of Catholic Action is implied in its simple liturgical symbol. The Chi-Rho monogram is the dominant feature as it represents Christ, from whom all power comes. The tiara, representing the Pope, encloses a Bishop's mitre which in turn, encloses three crowns which signify the baptized, confirmed and ordained members of the Church. Christ is the unifying principle who gives cohesion and direction to all the functions of the Mystical Body. The lowest crown represents Baptism whereby the Christian becomes a member of Christ thus receiving a small share in His priesthood. Confirmation, suggested by the second crown, expands and activates this power and commissions the Christian to the active apostolate. The great graces made available by Confirmation imply the privilege and duty of sharing in the apostolic work of the hierarchy—first of all in the co-offering of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The top crown represents Holy Orders which finally makes a man another Christ. Thus, simply depicted, is the union of the baptized, confirmed faithful under their pastor and guided by their bishop who is directed by the Pope—the Church active as one body in all its different and subordinated parts.

The Liturgy, as the public worship of God by His Church, implies activity—activity of the heart and mind combined with some outward physical sign. The full beauty and truth of the Catholic faith can be better appreciated when we can read in the outward form the inner meaning, in the earthly process the spiritual meaning. The Liturgy is a thing of pastoral simplicity, of great beauty inspired by great love.



THE EDITOR'S CORNER

MARY E. SHEA '55

PART TIME JOBS

The days of leisure when a student carefreely drifted through college on a sizeable financial subsidy are apparently over. Today, just about every collegian is employed during the summer months and a large number continue to work part time throughout the school year. Whether or not all the students in the latter category *have* to work and whether or not they use all their earnings to defray school expenses

are open questions. It certainly is true that some of them work just to make themselves useful and some of them use their money to buy extras that they wouldn't ordinarily possess. However, regardless of the reasons, having a part time job—at least at Christmas and Easter—has become a part of current metropolitan college life. Since it seems to be a part that's here to stay, it might be interesting to discover whether it's for better or for worse.

The kinds of temporary jobs filled by collegians are many and varied—especially in a place like New York City. Almost every conceivable type of work performed anywhere in the world is duplicated someplace within the five boroughs. And in almost every business, college students are playing a part.

As far as girls are concerned, the most popular job (possibly because it's the easiest to get) is salesclerking in a department store. Practically every N.Y. college girl has served her time in Macy's or A. and S.'s. Other fairly common part time jobs are filing, baby sitting, tutoring and cashiering.

Working during the school year is not the unmitigated evil it seems to be when one is obliged to get up early on a Saturday morning after having had a gay time the night before. Besides supplying extra funds, part time jobs reveal other no-less-important values. First of all, such jobs permit one to get first hand knowledge of several fields of work. If this knowledge does not positively decide one on a vocation for after college, it at least eliminates a few possibilities. Even this negative result is an advantage, for then a narrower range of suitable employment remains for consideration. Also it's possible that even when a job is eliminated, one aspect of it may have aroused some interest. This aspect may then be pursued further.

The second value of part time employment is that it brings the collegian in contact with types of work he would ordinarily have no acquaintance with. An undergraduate frequently does for one day a week what he would never touch as full time employment. The experience of having worked as a file clerk or a waitress or a cashier is never wasted. If nothing else, it enables one to understand the boredom and fatigue and futility that's stamped on the faces of the majority of subway riders. For years after, it causes one to sympathize with those who are forced to eke out their livelihood in a similar fashion.

Part time jobs also throw one in contact with a motley group of individuals with varying cultures and ideals. These jobs give the collegian an ability to adjust to all kinds of personalities—personalities ranging from the irate customer to the demanding employer. These jobs also give the collegian a chance to listen to beliefs he thought existed only in books. He listens and argues—and learns. Perhaps the greatest value of a part time job is that it provides the undergraduate with an immediate opportunity to apply the philosophy he is acquiring in the campus classroom. Knowledge only becomes a vital part of one's personality when it is related in some concrete way to one's experience.

The final advantage of a part time job which bears mentioning is that it provides a useful outlet for the energy of youth—energy that might normally be spent sleeping all day Saturday!

The values of part time employment mentioned above might be increased still further if a few suggestions were followed. Temporary jobs should be changed frequently so that a maximum amount of territory is covered. The long range purpose of such work is the acquisition of varied experience and not merely the acquisition of money. With a little forethought and perseverance, it's possible to get *both* at the same time. Normally, it's not wise to stay in the same job for all four years of

college (no matter how well one likes the work) or to pick each job in the same general field. With just a little organization, the average undergraduate (who works anyway) can make his part time employment a valuable adjunct to his college education.

CATHOLIC COLLEGE GRADUATES

If a Catholic college graduate has made the most of her undergraduate years, she possesses upon graduation many assets besides her diploma and the special skill of her major field. First, she has a general cultural background, the result of wide reading in varied subjects. Her reading along with her knowledge of a true philosophy and theology has equipped her with workable solutions for many human problems.

Secondly, she has acquired some practical skills from her management of collegiate social affairs. She has an organizational knack, an appreciation of a cooperative effort and an awareness of the workings of tradespeople.

Finally, through her college's extracurricular system, the graduate has developed some of her avocations into specific talents. She has acquired an ability to direct a play, to write fairly well, to organize music, to decorate an auditorium or to choreograph a dance.

Although the Catholic college graduate is usually a richly endowed young person, it's strange to see what she does with her talents when college days are over. These graduates generally fall into three groups. Those in the first get married soon after receiving the diploma and become so engrossed in their narrow family circles that they have no time for or interest in contributing anything extra to society. These snugly declare they are doing more than their share—forgetting that the shares of many like themselves are being borne by others or left uncarried.

The second and largest group of alumnae get jobs which are rarely such that they require the bulk of the employees' non-working hours. These young women rapidly regress to the point where they spend their spare time playing bridge, watching T.V., reading undemanding fiction, shopping and doing other self-satisfying things to fill in the gap between graduation and marriage. Those who don't get married frequently continue in this path not realizing that their social obligations have increased because they don't have the burdens of a family.

A third group (a very small minority) manages to work or raise a family and still be interested in the affairs of society. Members of this group appear on public school boards, run P.T.A. meetings, have a voice in political organizations, do volunteer work for the Red Cross and the Girl Scouts, run parish functions and help out at orphanages, old age homes and hospitals.

It is this latter group that should include every graduate of a Catholic college. For such alumnae, the words of Christ have special application: "From those to whom much has been given, much will be expected." Incidentally, charity is just about the most rewarding virtue that can be practiced on earth. In addition to helping others, the charitable person helps himself to acquire an effective and pleasing personality.

Besides following the law of charity in a concrete way, the Catholic college graduate has an obligation to her church. Her special knowledge of religious matters practically demands that she do some parish work and have an active interest in all Catholic affairs. She is expected to contribute to Catholic periodicals and encourage (and improve) such ventures as Catholic dramatic productions.

Finally, this same graduate must not forget that she's also a citizen of her state with all the obligations attached thereto. She has much she can contribute both practically and spiritually to community affairs. In these circles her voice will frequently be listened to because it has behind it the logic and appeal of a sound education as well as the confidence of definite religious truths.

In conclusion, we might point out that the graduates referred to above are not expected to wear themselves out and neglect their primary duties to attend meetings and run affairs. But it certainly is possible for every Catholic college graduate, married or not and without neglecting anything, to be active in some small way in at least one Catholic and one community group. Only when this goal is realized (and it won't be unless every graduate does her share) will Catholic higher education acquire the force and respect it should have.

ART FOR ALL PEOPLE

ANITA LA FEMINA '57

Many people have the quaint idea that museums are "stuffy" places. However, these unfortunates will soon discover that they have missed many cultural advantages which would increase their knowledge of the lives and customs of the diverse peoples of the world. Students especially should acquaint themselves with the various museums established for the sole purpose of enriching and advancing education.

On Eastern Parkway, the Brooklyn Museum majestically projects its massive establishment for the world to view. Adorned with the names of such great scholars as Plato, Herodotus, Sophocles and Aristotle, the architecture of the museum suggests its invaluable contents. Its program includes specific exhibitions, lectures, films and classes in artistic and ceramic creativeness. The museum strives to satiate intellectual curiosity and provide motivation for literary, sculptural, and artistic endeavors.

As a person enters he is overwhelmed by the gigantic interior. The predominant collection portrays primitive civilization as exemplified in its art. Peru, Panama, Costa Rica, Guatemala and many other countries of Central and South America are represented. The walls are ornamented with beautiful tapestries illustrating the trial of Coriolanus by the Romans. These masterpieces have delineated and expressed the emotions which inhere in the countenance of each personage.

From this display it is possible to view many facets of the character of the ancient peoples. Their art was created for a social and religious purpose. Huge wooden totem poles are carved with elaborate figures of their ancestors or nature gods. These weird, impressive symbols are reputable proofs of the vivid imagination that characterized tribal life. Many lovely rugs woven with figures of animals and geometric designs colored largely in reds, blues and greens and ornamented with tassels are also an imposing part of the display. Headdresses vary according to regions but consisted mostly of headbands. Ear decorations, musical instruments such as trumpets, pin pipes and flutes, common animals such as dogs are evidences of achievement. Temples, gods and burial tombs were disproportionately portrayed on pottery. Warriors ele-

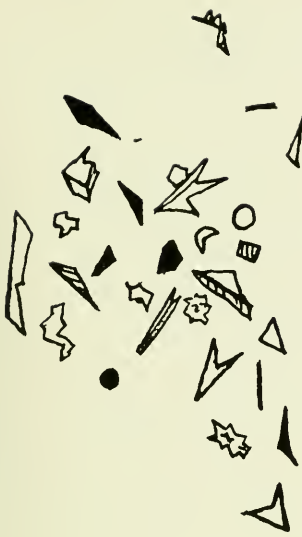
gantly arrayed and prisoners of war were also subjects of art. The ceremonial masks, statues and implements are stylized in very modern and abstract form. In some instances, had it not been for the labels, the display might easily have been taken for a Modern Art exhibit. Truly, many of the masks are beautiful and demand the admiration of our highly organized society.

At the rear of the museum is a collection of French paintings by such renowned artists as Morisot, Pissaro and Renoir. Morisot's scenic picture of blue-green waves reflecting a nearby building is exceptionally done. However, one might prefer Renoir's darker settings.

Oriental art is displayed on the second floor. Here the porcelain, jade, vivid costumes and sculpture of the Chinese, Japanese and Persians may be viewed. An Egyptian sarcophagus of King Akhet-Hatep of 2600 B.C. and finely carved alabaster jars add to the splendor of the third floor. American and European art also warrant attention. Lovely works like the "Archangel Gabriel," "Pandora," "The Head of Zeus" and "Aphrodite" clearly expressed in delicate marble lines are gorgeous to behold. A mosaic of Saint Cecilia occupies one of the walls on this floor. To describe it would be to mar its beauty. One must actually see its multi-colored brilliance to appreciate its gift to art. A sweet head of the Virgin with humility and delicacy emphasized in marble is another attractive feature whose beauty cannot be experienced vicariously.

American costumes, glass, silver, pottery and fully furnished colonial rooms are on the fourth floor. American painting, (18th, 19th and 20th centuries) Renaissance and Medieval art and European painting are exhibited on the next floor. A lavish description of these works would only be unjust and insufficient. Again the true apprehension of beauty rests in studying the individual effort and extracting its significance.

The best way to spend a few leisure hours is to visit the Brooklyn Museum. Once you have done so you will be unable to resist its influence. You will desire to return again and again to enjoy true beauty as it perennially survives human life.



The Kaleidoscope

I am kaleidoscopic—

*With one slight move
my colors shift
to form a new design.*

*I laugh with free abandon
'til colored fragments roll
a new pattern. . . I weep.*

*A lightning revolution
a sudden careless spin—
and mirth evolves from tears.*

*I sample every temperament;
when my design is patent
the world knows why I weep;*

*Sometimes not even I, the artist,
can solve the color key
to the pattern of my moods.*

*I tire, yes—at times breathless
to revert to old designs,
yet the glass fragments move.*

*My viewers are intrigued—
they watch me for a time
entranced, then on they go*

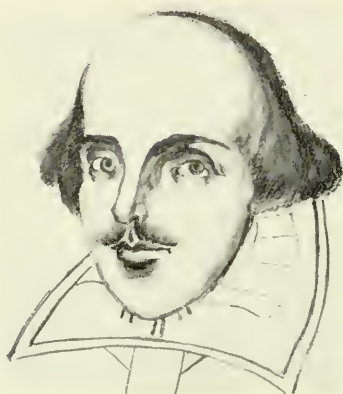
To form their own designs.

ANNE BUCKLEY '57



THE MAGIC OF SHAKESPEARE

CATHERINE D'EMIC '57



What is Shakespeare? A playwright? A poet? A philosopher? Yes he is all these but more. Shakespeare is an interpreter of his times; sensitive to its emotions, motivations and creeds. But his mind is not limited by the boundaries of his age. With the penetrating eye of a psychologist he captures the very essence of humanity.

* * *

Shakespeare was a practical businessman. It was not by accident that he wrote plays which would appeal to the Elizabethan audience. It was more likely that he plotted his plays in view of current events.

In 1594 there arose in England strong anti-Semitic feelings. In all probability, the execution of the Portuguese Jewish doctor, Roderigo Lopez, fired this dormant prejudice to white heat. Shakespeare recognized and seized the opportunity to exploit this hostility. In doing so he produced one of his most widely read plays, *The Merchant of Venice*. The villain of course is Shylock, a Jew and a moneylender. Throughout the play Shakespeare reminds his audience of the wickedness, cruelty and mercenary tendencies of Shylock. But nowhere is the villain so condemned by the other characters as by his own words. When speaking to his friend Tubal about his daughter who has eloped and taken some of his money and jewels with her, he says,

... would she were hearsed at my feet and
the jewels in her coffin . . .

If *The Merchant of Venice* presents a clear picture of the anti-Semitic feelings prevalent during the reign of Elizabeth, there is yet an-

other play which is more intensely a child of the times. *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, written for presentation before the court, is filled with references to courtly gossip and political intrigue. Shakespearean interpreters agree that this play was part of a wedding celebration. In the last speech of the play, King Oberon sings,

Now, until the break of day
Through this house each fairy stray,
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue there create
Each shall be fortunate.

Thus a happy future is wished to the noble couple in whose honor the play is being presented.

The inclusion of a "play within a play" gave Shakespeare an opening through which he channeled many satirical references. It was not by chance that Shakespeare chose *Pyramus and Thisbe* for this purpose. In 1594 when the play was being written, King James VI of Scotland was currently out of favor with Queen Elizabeth. Prior to this he had been one of the many ardent suitors for her royal hand. It seems that Shakespeare had in mind a certain poem which James had written to Elizabeth in which he compares their love to that of *Pyramus and Thisbe*. Having established a fleeting connection between James and the "play within a play" Shakespeare alerted his audience to look for other meanings. One of the most notable of these appear in the first part of act III. The actors have met to rehearse the play. Bottom shows concern because,

There are things in this comedy of
Pyramus and Thisbe that will never please.
First *Pyramus* must draw a sword to kill
himself; which the ladies cannot abide,
and,

Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in—God shield us!—
a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; . . .

This passage undoubtedly recalled to the audience the timidity of King James who had planned as part of the festivities at his son's christening to have the baptismal cart drawn in by a lion. However, after considering the personal risk involved he announced that the lion would not be used because it might frighten the ladies.

Both *The Merchant of Venice* and *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* were inspired by passing events. Shakespeare plotted these plays with particular attention to these events. The roman-

tic tragedy of Romeo and Juliet was not written in this way. Rather, the author infused into his story an overall picture of the Elizabethan attitudes towards life.

Petrarchan love, prevalent during the 16th Century, was satirized by Shakespeare. The character of Romeo provided a perfect medium for this. It is not difficult to realize that Romeo is well read in the Petrarchan love poems. His prevailing melancholy, his sighs and tears, his confused ideas about love, all mark him as a conventional lover. The clearest pictures of Romeo's lovesickness are found in the passages where he tries to define love.

Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O anything, of nothing first create!
also

Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;
Being purged, a fire sparking in lovers eyes;
Being vexed, a sea nourished with lovers'
tears;

What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall and a preserving sweet.

Thus Shakespeare uses Petrarchan conventions to show the shallowness of Romeo's love before he met Juliet.

Shakespeare, by referring to the lovers as "star crossed," makes use of another prevalent idea. Whether everyone in the audience believed in astrology is unimportant. The principal point is that the people of the 16th Century were well acquainted with the precepts of this pseudo-science. Therefore Shakespeare could be sure that such lines as

Some consequences, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin this fearful date
With this night's revels,

would arouse feelings of apprehension in the minds of the hearers.

Shakespeare was able to satisfy his audience because he understood the spirit which motivated it. He could make it laugh or cry; love or hate; pity or despise. With the turn of a phrase he could arouse the emotions of the coldest of spectators. Could Shakespeare, the businessman, have succeeded so completely in this? It is hardly possible. Only Shakespeare, the psychologist, could have breathed life into his characters.

The plot of *The Merchant of Venice* was conceived in the mind of a businessman, but it was the heart of an artist which created Shylock. Shakespeare could not help but present him as a human being, however inhuman his actions might be. When Shylock exclaims

I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, affections, passions? . . . If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die?

he moves the audience to pity even as they despise him.

The more pleasant character of Bottom, from *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, is no less immortal than Shylock. Although Shakespeare made many analogies to King James through the character of Bottom, he never intended Bottom to become nearly a shadow of James. On the contrary, Shakespeare gave Bottom a personality all his own. He is contented and at ease where ever he is. What ever the situation, Bottom faces it with the minimum of exertion. Above all he considers himself a great actor. His comment when Quince assigns him the part of Pyramus is very typical.

. . . if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storm, I will condole in some measure . . . yet my chief humor is for a tyrant: I could play Eccles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

It is this very nature which has endeared Bottom to the world for nearly five centuries.

If Shakespeare could give life to such an unromantic character as Bottom is it surprising that his genius transformed "star-crossed" lovers into "eternal lovers." The famous balcony scene wonderfully expresses the tenderness of all true love. The lovers constantly sway between apprehension and hope. Juliet speaks to Romeo,

I have no joy in this contract tonight;
it is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden:
* * *

This bud of love, by summer's ripening
breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next
we meet.

It is practically impossible to say what it is that makes Romeo and Juliet so vibrant and alive. Perhaps it is simplest to express them as mirrors which image each lover who looks into them.

Through all his plays Shakespeare manifests his power to create individual characters with universal appeal. Herein rests the magic of Shakespeare. For this reason could Ben Jonson exclaim those prophetic words, "He was not of an age but for all time!"

GROWTH

SUZANNE TODD '55

(first)

Others hurt
What is that to me
Cries of naked pain
Evoke indifference
I'm me.

(then)

I hurt
And become like them
Others bruise torments.
No longer me
I'm a part of the world.

WHAT'S IN A BOOK

SUZANNE TODD '55



Simplicity After Awhile

A popular interest in T. S. Eliot seems to have been excited in some circles recently, due most likely to the controversy aroused by the not too long ago production of his play, *THE CONFIDENTIAL CLERK*, on Broadway. My interest aroused by the many and varied opinions of the author's message, I decided to take a closer look at the works of Eliot than I have done before. In a volume of his collected poems, I discovered Eliot's amazing ability to point out some of the more incongruous aspects of life and values in our present day civilization. In his short poem, *AUNT HELEN*, he comments on the death and surrounding circumstances of a maiden lady in the following manner:

When she died there was silence in heaven
And silence at her end of the street.
The dogs were handsomely provided for,
But shortly afterwards the parrot died too.

There is an apparent humor in these lines, however, on further examination they reveal a typical Eliot attempt to stimulate the thought processes of the reader. Eliot himself says that that which the individual gets out of his works is what has been intended for that particular person. It is hard not to be stimulated by Eliot. He employs dynamic means to achieve his end. In the poem, *THE HOLLOW MEN*, he creates an impact by means of a sort of literary crescendo.

'This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
Not with a bang but a whimper.'

If you don't get the point on first reading Eliot, try him again. Once you do get it it is with a startling clarity.

Simplicity Still On Trial

The latest in sports news will soon be yours if you run down and pick up a copy of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* at your corner newsstand. A new publication of TIME Inc., *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* is a welcome addition to the number of periodicals already made available to the public by the corporation, among them *LIFE*, *TIME*, and *FORTUNE*. The sports enthusiast, no matter what his particular sphere of interest, may expect to have his tastes catered to once weekly in this new magazine. The style, although it smacks at times of *TIME* style, is less anonymous and much more personalized than that of *TIME*. Articles and stories by famous men from every field of sport find their way onto the pages of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and as the magazine's title suggests, the illustrations are many. Many of the less popular sports are reviewed here along with those of more universal appeal. Sports may have little interest for you or you may be an avid fan in one or more fields. In either case, the magazine is worth looking into. If you don't like it yourself, I'm sure you must know someone who would.

Simplicity Can Beguile

Myles Connelly, in his introduction to the *IMAGE* edition of *MR. BLUE*, comments on the change in attitude and thought that has taken place during the last few decades. The skeptic and the atheist have mellowed with time and neither is as sure of his stand as he was in other years. This development has permitted the charming little vignette of Mr. Connelly's, *MR. BLUE*, to enjoy a new popularity in our contemporary world. Written in the twenties, it tells the story of a man deemed eccentric for his enjoyment of the world around him in a Christian sense. Free from the chains of escapism as a source of satisfaction, he would rather fly a kite from the parapet of a skyscraper for the enjoyment of the people below than ponder formal works of art.

For Mr. Blue the sky is a more interesting roof than that of the most properly appointed home. Far from giving the impression that he is anti-intellectual, Mr. Connelly succeeds in driving home the point that there is a beauty in our world that has not been put there by man. This beauty is often neglected in the pursuit of artificialities. The formalisms of art as well as the false sophistication of today are not life itself but attempts to represent it, to present it in a new form. These representations can and should be appreciated but not at the expense of ignoring the raw material of life. That which is appreciated by the individual seems to follow a pattern of habit, a stimulus being needed to elicit appreciation in a different realm. Without losing sight of the enjoyment to be found in the arts, give Mr. Connelly's side a chance and take a new look at a few of the constellations or lend an ear to the music that the birds can make.

Simplicity Is the Style

Several months ago I picked up a pocket book edition of a novel by William Saroyan, *THE LAUGHING MATTER*, renamed *A SECRET STORY*. This novel deals with a betrayal of love and in true Saroyan fashion it never becomes offensive in the relation of incidents. As usual, Saroyan creates an impact by a seemingly effortless choice of phrasing. It appears at times fantastic that he creates the impressions he does with his studied simplicity. He deals with the basic instincts of man and creates a strong sympathy for Man the confused, Man the misunderstood. Apparently he holds as a premise the inability of man to willfully work out his own destination. The theme of this novel is similar to that of so many of Saroyan's works. However, it fails to accomplish the tremendous pathos of *THE HUMAN COMEDY* and the tragedy wreaked through false human values that is expressed in the character of the poet in the charming play, *MY HEART IS IN THE HIGHLANDS*. Actually, *A SECRET STORY* possesses nothing to recommend it other than the touches of Saroyan simplicity and rapidity of pace.

Simplicity Lasts the While

A recent publication of a native of Africa, Camera Laye's, *THE DARK CHILD*, looks to be quite interesting reading. At present, Mr. Laye is a student in Paris but his book reflects many of the prejudices and superstitions that are inherently connected with the culture of his primitive Moslem tribe of interior Africa. This is a significant factor when viewed in the light of an Africa struggling for its independence. If all of Camera Laye's countrymen share in his tendency to retain naive and unreasonable concepts, one might well wonder if Africa is adult enough to shoulder the responsibilities of going it alone.

Point of No Simplicity

Arnold Toynbee's monumental work on the history of civilization has finally been completed. His point of departure is not the one common to the modern historian and has caused considerable comment. Contrary to current historical thought, Toynbee considers history as both planned and cyclic, rather than a mere succession of events. The most controversial of his theories is that of co-existence which, if followed, would leave the West dangling in a "do nothing" manner until the inevitable occurs. Toynbee concludes his work on a note of expectancy. The struggle for world power must be resolved. This is inevitable. How will it happen? Mr. Toynbee does not say but we can be sure that he favors peaceful co-existence of the East and the West as a solution.

And Counter Point

In answer to Toynbee, Douglas Jerrold points up the historian's own difficulties in establishing a relationship of co-existence, in its peaceful context, in his personal relationships. *THE LIE ABOUT THE WEST* is an attack by Christian Jerrold on Apostate Toynbee. Here is a complete rejection of the Toynbee philosophy. Not only does Mr. Jerrold refuse to accept the implications of Toynbee as to the future Christianity and the development of a complete relativism, he even questions the validity of his facts along with his many generalizations. A successful attempt at exposing the threat of Toynbee's philosophy to the world, *THE LIE ABOUT THE WEST* is a welcome piece of writing.

BEATRICE BASILI's a freshman who's lost no time manifesting her literary interests and abilities. After publishing a short story in the last issue of **Loria**, she now displays her creative versatility with a poem, "He."

A sophomore English major, **FRANCES BRACKEN** is naturally interested in the doings of authors. Her article, "My Dear Archangel Gabriel," considers one of her favorites, Caryl Houselander.

Poetry editor of **Loria** and another sophomore English major is **ANNE BUCKLEY**. A poem, "The Kaleidoscope," is her contribution to this issue.

BRENDA BUCKLEY's article, "Irish Memories," has an authentic air that no amount of research could reproduce. The reason?—Brenda lived in Ireland for many years and came to this country in 1950.

Current trouble spots in the East interest senior history major, **PHILOMENA CAPOTOSTO**. After discussing China in the last issue, she now turns her attention to "The Arab States."

As art editor of her high school yearbook, freshman **MARGARET CONNORS** gained some experience that she's now using for **Loria**. Her contribution to this issue is the illustration for "Recipe for Greatness."

JOAN COSTA, editor of articles and essays, considers a variety of liturgical symbols in "Significance in Simplicity." Joan's a sophomore whose chief academic interest is child study.

A sophomore English major, **CATHERINE D'EMIC's** a poet whose work has previously appeared in **Loria**. This issue sees her considering the merits of another poet in her article, "The Magic of Shakespeare."

ANN FALLERT's a senior English major whose literary efforts this magazine has proudly presented for the past four years. In this issue, Ann grandly says farewell to **Loria** with her column, an article and a poem.

A character sketch, "No Peddlers or Beggars Allowed," is **JOAN FOLEY's** first publication in this magazine. Joan's a child study major who has until now kept her writing ability a secret.

A senior math major, **JOAN GARBARINI** is currently taking a course in physical science. For this issue, Joan used her astronomical knowledge to illustrate "Skycomber."

CAROL HADEK's a junior math major whose figuring ability is put to good use in her position as business manager of **Loria**. Among other things, Carol tracks down the ads and pays the bills.

For this issue, senior **BARBARA KENNEDY's** eyes worked overtime. To illustrate Anne Buckley's poem, Barbara had one eye on her drawing and the other in the opening of a child's kaleidoscope.

An artist who illustrated "Significance in Simplicity," **ANITA LA FEMINA** visited the Brooklyn Museum and saw some interesting exhibits. Her findings and observations are reported in her article, "Art for all People."

RITA McCANN, art editor and negotiator with the printer, is another graduating senior whose work appears for the last time in **Loria**. Her contributions to this issue include the cover design and illustrations for two articles.

A sophomore English major and a prolific verse writer is **VIRGINIA MOSCA**. This issue sees the publication of one of Virginia's many poems, "On Time."

Loria will certainly miss the witticisms and talent of **FLORENCE PYNE**, a graduating senior. Her parting contributions include two poems and a short story, "Recipe for Greatness."

Another math major and the fourth of the graduating seniors, **MARY SHEA** will soon leave the editorship of **Loria** behind her. Mary's undergraduate writings culminate with her editorial and the debate, "To Schedule or Not."

SUZANNE TODD, still another senior who's leaving the pages of **Loria**, presents in this issue the second and last installment of her column, "What's in a Book." Suzanne also contributed a short story, "At Last . . . Nothing."

A junior English major and the next editor of **Loria**, **LUCILLE WATERS** continues the column she began in the last issue. This time, "Words to the Wise" comments on the much-quoted advice of Shakespeare.

In this issue, **EVELYN WRIGHT**, a sophomore English major, makes her first contribution this term to **Loria**. Her article, "One Girl's Opinion," discusses the nature of conjugal love.

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THERE WAS THE DOOR . . .

BEATRICE BASILI '58

The room in which they sat was filled with light, the inner light that is truth and character and goodness. The open fire radiated warmth and a chorus of soft voices filled the air. The last burning embers crackled and everything grew dimmer and the voices fell to a distant hum. They had met often, that little group by the open fire. They had met often to talk of things that life's quick pace forbade, of things that filled their souls with happiness and their minds with knowledge. To outsiders, they were youths who wanted a momentary escape from the harshness of reality. To themselves, they were but people of the same ideals.

But how different they were from one another. Fran's eyes shone with contentment, Gene's with ambition and Dave's with knowledge. Yet they were all alike, these three, for one force overshadowed contentment, ambition and knowledge. This was their inner light.

In his hand Dave held a book. He had just been reading a passage of it aloud and had paused for a brief moment.

"The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon Turns Ashes . . . Lighting a little Hour or two—is gone." He mused. "How we live and dream for a moment only to have it pass."

Gene laughed. "But Dave," he said, "if we didn't dream for something life wouldn't hold any meaning. Even if we dream—of impossible things." How could he go any further, when each word meant anguish. Impossible dream . . . impossible dream. How long he had wished for it, wished and waited. How long he had wanted to know, wanted something for which he dared not ask. Impossible dream . . . impossible dream. The barrier that stood was too great to be broken, too long endured to be pierced. His shoulders sagged beneath this great futility. He was not a coward. He had accomplished many things despite this barrier, wonderful things and his ambition had driven him towards attainment. Why then should this be so futile. But then this barrier had never stood in his way. Why should it block his path now. Impossible dream . . . impossible dream.

Fran's voice slipped through the silence. She was standing by the open door, watching him. "I'll go out to get some hot chocolate," she whispered. "I'll be back in a moment." And the door closed softly behind her.

"Gene," Dave cried, "can't you see how you're torturing yourself. It's not getting you anywhere. She can't know unless you tell her. Trust, Gene, have trust," his voice lowered to a broken plea. "Hopes may turn to ashes but how can you tell unless you first kindle the fire. Try, Gene, first try, then say you have failed."

"I want to Dave, I want to. Oh, if I only could find the courage. This dream of mine seems so impossible and life is made up of possible ones. How could I ever hope for something I already know is impossible. If only I could ask." Courage once again flared.

The smell of hot chocolate filled the room as Fran entered. She set the small silver tray upon the table and handed a steaming cup to Gene. "Something to warm your heart," she laughed. But no laughter fell from Gene's lips. The courage from his eyes had disappeared and Fran seeing this turned away.

"Shall I continue reading," Dave asked lifting the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam from the chair where it was lying.

"Yes," Fran cried enthusiastically. "please go on."

Dave put a few more pieces of wood into the fire and in few moments began anew.

"There was the Door to which I found no Key
There was the Veil through which I could
not See . . ."

Gene settled back once more. "There was the Door to which I found no Key" his mind repeated—"no key." But I must find the key. Why can't I use it? Why must I go on like this? Am I afraid? That's it—I am afraid—afraid to find the one thing that can give me the dream—afraid. "There was the Door to which I found no Key . . ." The key, what is the key? What is it that can unlock this barrier—this great barrier that lies between us?

Dave continued:

"And this I know: whether the one True Light
Kindle to Love, or Wrath consume me quite,
One glimpse of it within the Tavern caught
Better than in the Temple lost outright."

Lost outright. To try once before defeat. To grasp a chance rather than wait for nothing. To find a part rather than sink in defeat without a struggle. He must try. He must find this key. "Whether the one True Light . . . consume me quite . . ."

He had the only thing that mattered, the one factor that made a difference, the key that could penetrate this barrier. And suddenly he knew, he had the key and his eyes filled with joy and goodness and light. Fran saw this light and its radiation opened her heart. He did not have to speak. She understood, understood the things he said without sound. She realized the meaning of this great inner light that shone through his eyes that could see no light.

"It is not what the eyes see, Gene," she whispered softly, "it is what the soul sees." His question had been answered, his dream fulfilled. He had found the key to unlock the door.

THE COMPANIONS OF EMMAUS

BRENDA BUCKLEY '57

Shakespeare once said, "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones." How true these words are today. Yellow journalism has become so much a part of our newspapers that little is known of what the good men do. Sensation headlines flash across our presses. Another murder, robbery, rape or theft has taken place. How we glory in reading this! How some of our editors glory in telling us! From reading our daily journals we begin to think that the population has sunk to the lowest possible ebb. This is not so. We simply do not read about those who devote their lives to the amelioration of mankind.

Among these men is Abbe Pierre, a French Capuchin priest who has truly become a symbol of Christ in France. A community of about seven hundred members has grown up around him. They support themselves by rag picking and are known as The Companions of Emmaus. A few years ago Abbe Pierre held a position in France equivalent to that of Congressman in the United States. While holding this position he found a large, old house in the suburbs of Paris which became the meeting place of International Conferences of Youth Groups. He also began to repair the house and to live in it. One day a man came by. He was alone in the world without home or money. Abbe Pierre gladly received him without asking questions. The stranger began to do the cleaning and cooking. A few days later a family who had been living in a tent in the forest visited the priest and were invited to stay. Soon the house was filled and there was no longer any room for conferences. Since Abbe Pierre was not to be re-elected to the legislature funds soon grew low and before long there was no money left. At this time they had begun building a home for the family that had wandered in. One night at dinner they discussed the situation and one of the men suggested that he return to his former job—ragpicking. He also trained the others in his trade.

The French homeless flocked to Abbe Pierre and his followers, many of whom were communists, bums or drunkards before coming under the influence of the Abbe. The homeless knew

that the community would find them shelter even if it was only temporary. The income from rag picking guarantees each man a bed, food and about seventy-five cents pocket money each week. Each man works a forty-four hour week or longer building homes for the poor of France. The rules of the community are simple. The rule that is most strictly enforced is the one which forbids anyone to mention the past of his fellow members. The rule states, "We will never accept that anyone who lives among us should be judged by other than his quality as a man at the present moment."

A year ago the Abbe made a radio broadcast in which he asked the people of Paris to come to the aid of the homeless. The response was great and more than ten thousand people were given shelter, clothing and blankets. To understand the good that these men are doing it is necessary to know something of the economic condition of France. The French people have suffered spiritually as well as materially from the last two wars. The problem of housing in France is a mass problem which affects well over the majority of the working class. Many of the people live in tents but some are lucky enough to have a room or two for the family. At least 250,000 homes are needed each year for the next five years to take care of the people living in temporary shelters or overcrowded rooms. The French government is sponsoring a temporary housing plan but this can only care for 10,000 families each year. Abbe Pierre and his followers have succeeded in building more houses than the French government but more than that, the group has finally made the federal authorities realize the situation that exists and because of this realization they have expanded their housing program.

These Companions of Emmaus, who were once the outcasts of society, clearly show that people of the present have not reached a low ebb. They could have resented society and become hostile and burdensome. But they chose the better way. They realized that they had a debt to pay. Now they are paying it. Perhaps their good will be "interred with their bones" but there is one who will remember. It is for Him they are working.

DYLAN THOMAS — The Man And The Poet

MONICA MANGAN '58

Before his fortieth birthday, he was dead. Newspapers carried the news of this loss throughout the English-speaking world. In the months immediately following his death, the pages of magazines were crowded with articles about him and his work. People who perhaps had not even known that Dylan Thomas existed now knew all about him. To those who knew and admired his work, his death was more than a tragedy of a man dying young; it was the expiration of a great talent which had never quite reached its peak.

The little mining town of Carmarthenshire, Wales, claims Dylan Thomas as its native son. There, in 1914, he was born to an upper-middle class family. The years of his childhood were not happy ones for Wales. They started with World War I and included the years of the General Strike, when almost everyone in Wales was unemployed. Dylan was not highly educated. His schooling began and ended with his years in Swansea Grammar School. During his short lifetime he held many jobs. He started out as a newspaper reporter, turning later to hack journalism, odd jobs, and broadcasting. He wrote stories and, of course, poems. After first being rejected for military service in World War II, he served as an anti-aircraft gunner. While still young, Dylan married his only love, beautiful Caitlin Macnamara, who bore him two sons and a daughter. In the autumn of 1953, Dylan Thomas came to the United States for a lecture tour. On November 9, while in New York rehearsing for a reading, he became ill and was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital. Later that day he died of encephalopathy, a brain disease, far from the family and home he loved. He left his family with no means of support. A group of his friends organized the Dylan Thomas Fund to pay his medical bills and funeral expenses and to help his family in the months after his death. Thus ended the life of the most controversial poet of our time.

What was he like, this man who lived so short a time and yet earned so high a place in the world of literary fame? Dylan Thomas was a tall, broad man with a proud bearing and a look of strength. He had curly, reddish hair and full eyes which saw everything. He dressed casually, wearing "a trilby and sports baggy tweeds, green shirts, Paisley ties." His speaking voice was

beautiful, as anyone knows who has ever heard him read poetry. People loved to listen to his readings. Sam Hynes says that "for many . . . his voice was the voice of poetry." Thomas became a symbol to the people of what a poet should be—different from ordinary men, more emotional and a little eccentric. He had great warmth, charm, a good sense of humor, and a childlike innocence of mind. He loved humanity and was generous and loyal. Dylan was a deeply religious Nonconformist who had a great love for the Bible. Despite all these good qualities, however, he was a trial and a worry to his family and friends. Brought up in the country, he could not resist the excitement of wealth and life in the big cities. He traveled frequently, and his love of humanity caused him to visit bars, where humanity is found. He drank too much and was irresponsible. His fondness for travel did not interfere with his love for his native land. He loved most of all his home on the Welsh seacoast at Laugharne. In spite of Dylan's childhood, his poetry was never gloomy. He often spoke of death, but only to laugh at it. Edith Sitwell feels that he knew he would die young, but that it did not frighten him. This was Dylan Thomas, the man.

Dylan began his career early. In 1934, Mark Goulden, managing editor of the *Sunday Referee*, instituted a "Poet's Corner" to encourage unknown poets. He and Victor Neuberg were so impressed by Dylan Thomas' work that they invited him to come to London. They were instrumental in the publication of his first book. In 1938, Dylan was awarded the Oscar Blumenthal Prize given by *Poetry*. The first magazine to publish his work was *New Verse*. Other magazines, in both England and America, soon followed suit. In a short time his work was well-known on both continents.

Although he is best known for his poetry, Dylan Thomas' talent extended into other fields. His first prose attempt was *Map of Love*, a group of surrealistic stories. These were followed by other stories, which were described as "excursions into hallucination and madness." His prose work also included scenarios. He also planned to write an opera with Igor Stravinsky.

To Dylan Thomas, everything was prayer and praise of God. His poetry was his special prayer. It was also intended to help men in their search

for God. The poet himself said that his poems were "written for the love of Man and in praise of God." His main subjects were love, death, and the four seasons.

Many influences are evident in Thomas' poetry. Ballads, fairy-stories, and the Bible affected him in a general way, as did the works of Hart Crane, Swinburne, Rimbaud, Francis Thompson, James Joyce, and Henry Miller. More specific are the influences of Freud, Gerard Manley Hopkins, and the French symbolists. From Freud comes the dreamlike quality of his poetry. Many of his words and phrases are Freudian symbols. His extensive use of imagery reveals his indebtedness to the French symbolists. The debt to Hopkins is the most evident. A comparison of their work reveals that their motives and style are very much alike. Both made use of compound words, which are often almost identical. The similarity between the two poets is even more clear when one reads criticisms of Hopkins' work and realizes how closely they resemble criticisms of Dylan Thomas' work. In spite of the fact that Thomas' work contains elements of so many other writers, it always gives the impression of being completely new. In a sense, it was entirely new. It was modern, and yet it was not like the work of the modern poets who preceded him. They scorned romanticism; Dylan Thomas revelled in it. They plunged into the political and economic situation; he ignored it. It was this very uniqueness that attracted so much attention when his work first appeared.

Dylan Thomas' work aroused much controversy. Some praised him highly; others denied that he was worthy of being called a great poet. There were others still who reserved decision, saying only that he showed promise. His admirers had several reasons for acclaiming him the greatest living poet. First of these is the renewed vitality he brought to our language. When his work first appeared, poetry was no longer poetic. It was too much like prose. Dylan Thomas gave new meanings to old words and invented new words. Conrad Aiken called him "a born language-lover" with "a genius for word-magic." Some critics accused him of being a surrealist. This is not strictly true. In style he was somewhat surrealist, but there is one great difference between his work and that of the surrealists. They place all their faith in their subconscious and exercise no control over their

work. Dylan Thomas, on the other hand, was never completely submerged in surrealism. Although many of his poems are obscure, they show definite evidence of control. He carefully edited his work and allowed only the worthwhile to reach the publisher. Edith Sitwell admits that he was, at times, a prey to his subconscious but adds that from his subconscious, time after time, rose lines of really great poetry. Other admirers praised the extraordinary beauty and tranquility of his work.

Critics of Dylan Thomas concede some of these points, but they present other reasons to explain their reluctance to honor him as the greatest contemporary poet. Foremost among these is obscurity. It is often almost impossible to find his meanings. Henry Treece, a contemporary poet, believes that in this very haziness Thomas has defeated one of the main purposes of poetry. He has contributed very little to thinking. Monotony in style, rhythm, and phrasing is another of their complaints. A minority objected to his violence and preoccupation with death.

When opinions about an author differ so widely as these do, it is obvious that each reader must form his own. Dylan Thomas is principally a poet of the emotions. People who have a scientific approach to life will never understand his works. To realize his meanings, one must feel the same emotions he did. Even then, at the first reading, his poetry will seem strange, perhaps slightly mad. After a second, third, or fourth reading, however, the deliberate arrangement becomes apparent and the meaning is clearer.

In trying to understand Dylan Thomas, the best guide is his own background and beliefs. A knowledge of Freud is also helpful, since many of his words and phrases are Freudian symbols. Sometimes he even combines two symbols into one word. In the end, however, appreciation of Dylan Thomas depends entirely on the individual. Either you feel the way he did or you do not.

Was he the greatest poet of his time? Will the work of Dylan Thomas be read and remembered in future centuries? Only time can answer these questions, but I am inclined to believe that his poetry will live on. One of the basic requirements for a classic writer is understanding and love for men. This quality Dylan Thomas certainly possessed.



HOUR OF DECISION

MARY JOHNSON '57

With a sigh she shut the door behind her and dropped her books on the table. The house was quiet; her mother must have gone to work. Yes, there was a note on the table about supper and being a good girl. Glancing at her watch she saw that it was almost 10:30. She was glad her mother was out and wouldn't know she had been so late. Even a study club didn't have such long meetings.

It had been like this for weeks now, trying to think of reasons why she would be late, so that she could meet him. Her mother didn't mind weekend dates, but she disliked her going out during the school week. At first in their exuberance they had agreed to see each other only over week-ends, but lately he had insisted that they meet each other often during the week. She had felt compelled to give in for love was supposed to mean sacrifice she told herself. But how long could this deception go on. Tonight had not been enjoyable; he had demanded that she stand up to her mother and tell her that she was quitting school to get married. "It's now or never," she could hear him saying above the restaurant noise. She had begged him not to bring marriage up again, but she couldn't make him understand, so they had parted with his ultimatum—She had to decide.

Now she stared about the living room with the sofa whose worn spots were covered with antimacassars, her desk piled high with books, the picture of her father in his uniform. This was her hour of decision. "Call me within an hour," he had said. "If your answer is yes."

One hour to settle three lives. Right now her mother was banging away on a typewriter so that she could go to college; he was waiting in a diner for her call; she was all alone in the apartment. She wanted to scream. They had no right to force this out of her now. Was she a woman or a child? She couldn't tell. She ran into the kitchen. Her supper was on the stove, but she had no desire to eat. Tears strangled her throat, but she couldn't cry. Her hour of decision, and she had it all to herself.

Suddenly the tears came, and through them she could see her mother's stricken face as she read that awful telegram, her first day of college when she had been so full of youthful ambitions and wonderful dreams of love and life, him as he stood by the pool that first day looking so strong and sure of himself. She wanted to run away, to escape this horrible problem, but there was no place to go. She wanted to tear every thought of her decision out of her mind, but there was no place to fling it. Sobbing quietly, she flicked out the kitchen light and carried her books to the desk. With a pencil she began to draw giant doodles over the sheets of poetry lying strewn about on the blotter, trying to blot out the words, but she couldn't. Angrily she stared at the papers, ugly and distorted, but still readable. She wanted to crumple them beyond recognition, but she couldn't because she knew they were a vital part of her. She threw down the pencil and reached for the telephone.

This was her hour of decision whether she wanted it or not. Quickly she dialed the number before she lost her nerve. The bell rang twice at the other end. "Hello, Mom," she said through her tears. "I thought I'd let you know that I'm home. I'll wait up for you. There are so many things I have to tell you."

BUT WHY A CATHOLIC COLLEGE?

Haven't you had enough of priests and nuns telling you what to do? When are you going to learn what the world is *really* like? Why don't you go to a college that's a little more *liberal*? Don't you think you've learned enough about religion?

A list of questions of this type could extend endlessly. We've all heard them at one time or another from friends, relatives, or casual acquaintances. Most of us have had to answer these questions, too; if not for others at least for ourselves. When graduation from high school approached most of us challenged ourselves and our college choice with the query—Why a *Catholic* college?

There seems little need to state the good points in secular educational systems. The larger city and state universities boast of excellent equipment and competent, and in some instances, outstanding faculty members. They provide opportunities to exchange ideas with people whose cultural background and philosophic and religious credos frequently vary considerably with our own and with those of our tight, close conventional Catholic High School world. Then, too many of these colleges are bedecked with scholastic reputations with which our Catholic colleges cannot vie.

But our purpose here is not to evaluate secular colleges. Nor is it to criticize their attractions; in some cases this would be impossible. Our aim is to turn the searchlight on our own Catholic colleges. What have they to offer that secular colleges lack?

There is a frequently quoted passage of St. Paul which pinpoints the problem and provides a partial and concise answer. "When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child. But when I became a man I put away the things of a child." Before we came to college we were as children. We accepted things presented to us as dogmatically true. We relied on the wisdom of others and quickly and quietly agreed to the conclusions they had reached. Then college changed all that. We no longer took as infallible all that was handed to us. We began to think for ourselves; we began to make our own independent judgments. In brief, we stopped seeing things as children see them. Our maturing minds started viewing the world in a mature manner. In this new adult mind there is no room for a God Who is an old man, with a long white beard and a book in which He writes down every action of every minute of

every hour of every day of every year. No, we have "outgrown" this childlike notion of God; our mind searches for the God Who *Is*, the God Who is unknowable and yet Who is the object of all our searchings.

What happens if we do not know that God far exceeds all our anthropomorphic notions? I reiterate: We "outgrow" God. God becomes a childlike fantasy that we reject with all the other childhood fairy tales. God is for children; He is for people who don't know any better. He is a good crutch to lean on when you have nothing more solid. Don't scoff; these notions prevail. Some of the greatest thinkers have rejected the old man with the beard as their god—unworthy of consideration as the cause of things in a well-ordered universe.

Here then is perhaps the most important function of the Catholic college. It feeds its students with the solid dogmas of Catholicism and gradually, almost imperceptibly, imbues the mind with a clearer, although still obscure, understanding of God. Using the words of St. Paul again we might see the Catholic college as the instrument which helps us to put away, in all fields of knowledge and particularly in the sphere of religion, the things of childhood. We begin to see God and His universe in a different, more adult light.

While insuring our parallel growth in religious truth as well as our growth in the liberal arts and in technical knowledge is an important task of the Catholic college, it is not the only one. It must also set a proper order to things. Religion, either as learned in specific courses or as witnessed through attitudes of minds, should also point out *why* we are learning. It should show us the use and proper place for all this newly acquired knowledge. It should help develop the wisdom for which the philosopher seeks. Of what use is all this searching for truth that has gone on almost since creation? How do these academic truths affect me—alone, as a member of society, and as a child of God? To learn in a vacuum is pointless; man does not live in isolation. Man must learn with a purpose—another important role of the Catholic college.

These are not the only reasons for attending Catholic college. You may have chosen your college for other reasons. I think we can admit however, that the continuation of our spiritual development along with our intellectual development lay in the background of a student's choice of a Catholic college.



IT'S IN A BOOK

DIANA BONETTI '58

ON ONE HAND,

it seems that . . .

the latest THING in literature evolves and revolves around Dylan Thomas. My idea that Dylan Thomas and present-day, bewildering sophistication are synonymous, was revoked after reading his short story, THE VEST. At first confusing—but gradually satisfying, THE VEST portrays death. A mental death, a psychological death, a physical death, all brought about by the witnessing of the brutal death of a dog. The author has stated, however unsuspectingly, the precise attitude and feeling of the reader when—as he says in the story, "There was blood before his eyes." Caution: To be best appreciated, read THE VEST only if and when in a morbid and somewhat gory mood.

ON THE OTHER HAND,

it doesn't seem that . . .

the carefree, casual, and ever so humorous short story has disappeared from the carefree, casual, and ever so longed for world of "sophisticated" (it's a must!) literature. Bennett Cerf, the happy combination of humorist and columnist, has edited AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MODERN AMERICAN HUMOR, which contains poems, short stories, feuds from hit plays, and parodies, guaranteed to evoke quite a bit of laughter. The best humor of recent years is intermingled with some real rib-ticklers, such as, "A Night of Terror" by Mark Twain, "Mia Carlotta" by T. A. Daly, "The Night The Bed Fell In" by James Thurber and very many others. The selections are of the finest, the humor of the wittiest, and the pleasure . . . all yours!

REAL MAKE BELIEVE

Living as we do in twentieth century America, it is very difficult for us, as modern readers, to picture castles, knights, and beautiful court ladies as realities, even if they are of days gone forever by. In her novel, KATHERINE, Anya Seton has presented the life story of a lovely, spirited, young, convent-bred girl, Katherine Swynford, who enters the court of England as a servant girl and through marriage to Sir Hugh Swynford remains in court contact long enough to become the Duchess of Lancaster, after remaining the Duke's mistress for thirteen years. Through court intrigues, tournaments, jousting bouts and wars, the author carries the emotions of women of all ages and countries in the person of Katherine. The characters and the background are vivid, exciting, and romantic. The novel contains all the ingredients marking success in presentation and appreciation. Read it. Although the book is about 600 or so pages, your interest will not falter for a minute.

BOY MAKES GOOD

The publication of a Marquand book is a notable event in our literary world. Alongside other writers who are worthy of unusual distinction, John P. Marquand has influenced new writers and has constantly portrayed American life and culture. SINCERELY, WILLIS WAYDE is the life story of a poor, ambitious boy who grew up in the shadows of the rich. Although his childhood memories of living with the wealthy Harcourts are pleasant ones, Willis realizes that his aspiring ambitions are to be fulfilled with his own kind of simple, hard working people, and so he leaves the Harcourt mill and estate and goes to New York where he becomes a business success. It is quite interesting to note how the author contrasts the emotions of a boy living with the very rich on a country estate, and then the same boy living in the completely different atmosphere of New York City. One wonders how it is possible to marry a New York girl and yet remain in love with a rich country girl. Because Marquand has the ability to weave simple, yet penetrating implications, many readers will ask, "But was Willis Wayde really a success?"

LONELY DISSENTION

After reading very favorable criticisms and hearing so many readers rave about Hamilton Basso's latest novel, *THE VIEW FROM POMPEY'S HEAD*, I became determined to journey to Pompey's Head via the printed page. In anticipation, I began to discuss the book with someone who turned out to be the only one to defy the established favorable criticism. This lonely dissenter claims that the places are dull, the characters, faceless and lacking any inherent qualities, and the flash-backs, very confusing. (It was later discovered that **TIME** was in full accord with this opinion.) In my estimation, the author chose to present his characters—not as striking, outstanding people—but as simple beings, possessing all the weaknesses, faults and frailties common to humans. Perhaps the author made the inhabitants of Pompey's Head subservient to the importance of the ancestral worship they practiced. But this, I'm sure, was done purposely in order to prepare the readers for the dynamic climax.

THE CONTINUATION AND CONCLUSION

of Coleridge's dream vision, "Kubla Khan," has been superbly achieved. Edison Marshall guides his readers through the adventures of Marco Polo in the novel, *CARAVAN TO XANADU*. Continuing in his tradition of presenting exotic tales of distant lands, Mr. Marshall combines his imagination with that of Samuel Coleridge . . . a really delightful intermingling of a Romantic poet and a Modern novelist.

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea."
Down to a sunless sea."

These poetic phrases induced the author to create a stirring story of the adventures of Marco Polo in quest of the court and garden of the Khan of Xanadu. To the dull and clouded portrait left behind by history, the hero becomes a real person—full blooded and full dimensioned who responds to the urgent query: "Did you never weep? Did you never laugh? Did your heart not flutter before the beautiful maidens of the Kashmir?" Here is an intimate record of the hardships, hatred, and passionate devotion that brought Marco triumphant to the palace of the Khan. *CARAVAN TO XANADU* is a tale of the brightest symbol of adventure.

SUCCESSFUL ORIENTATION

No doubt, those of you who have already become acquainted with the Image Books have found them to be ideal in various respects. And those of you who wish to meet these new born editions—a few important points about them will suffice for an introduction. It has been reported by over one hundred different publishing houses that the year past was notable for emphasis on paper cover reprints. For this reason, under the aegis of Doubleday, Image Books were launched with an initial list of eight titles. These convenient books are cheaper in price, less cumbersome, and available in a larger selection than other trade books. The purpose of this series is to enable enjoyable, interesting, and educational literature to enter the home at a lower price. Besides the already published titles, a new list has recently been released, among which we find Joyce Kilmer's *ANTHOLOGY of CATHOLIC POETS, SAINTS of OUR TIMES* by Theodore Maynard, and *THE ROAD TO DAMASCUS* edited by John O'Brien. All the Image Books contain long-term appeal, and it is perhaps for this reason that this new experiment is meeting with such tremendous, overwhelming success. Keep abreast of Catholic literature. Read the Image Books. Watch for new releases. And here's a thought . . . Why not start your own miniature library of these books? They are modern, classic, and forever the all-time favorites. Worth some contemplation . . . don't you think?

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

BARBARA GERMACK '58

"O beautiful for spacious skies"

Freedom is an elusive word here in America; it is a word used so glibly and for good reason. Everywhere we see its unconstrained majesty before our unopen eyes. It is truly ours to applaud, yet we are the performers. We see the magnificent spectacle of a home-run at a crucial moment in the traditional World Series. We hear the piercing screams of excited voices as a roller coaster "zooms" through space. We smell the pungent odor of burning wood as campers lounge before their bright fire. Everywhere 'neath these "spacious skies", there is freedom ever-present, always-moving.

"For amber waves of grain,"

A rich, productive corn field in Iowa, with enormous stalks glistening in the noon-day sun typifies American industry. Ultimately we are all immigrants in this land, yet it is our combined energies that developed it into a place of opportunity for all. Together, no one more important, or more valuable than the other, stand the pioneer and the present day worker. Each has had an integral role in shaping our destiny. One is forever completing what the other started; one is always perfecting what the other devised. This is America, which extends prosperity to all.

"For purple mountains' majesty,"

These vast bulwarks have seen our country's wonderful heritage mold itself into the present. They have witnessed a great war for Independence, a disastrous Civil War, and two terrible World Wars. Yet these mountains are still able to watch teeming cities and peaceful countrysides beneath a blanket of liberty.

"Above the fruited plains."

America is in truth wealthy. She had seemingly been endowed with the epitome of God's creation, and is always giving, aiding, helping. She has singlehandedly restored Europe after a war ravaged its very roots, she has fed the hungry millions in Asia, and she has aided all in their quest for their ideal.

"America! America! God shed His grace on thee."

No words can adequately describe the abundance with which Almighty God has endowed us. Why should we be privileged to be the bulwark of the world, at times a beacon of light in a virtual sea of darkness? Too often we have overlooked this, banefully taking for granted our rarest of pleasures. We sit at a table, laden with indeed the "fruits of the earth." We do this, hardly realizing that our every move isn't being scrutinized, that we are free to go and do as we wish. Yes truly, God has given us much, more perhaps than we actually shall ever know.

"And crowned thy good with brotherhood"

All of us here, no matter how varied our backgrounds, have one common bond, the brotherhood of our land. We have seen many people come to our shores, and almost instantly have assimilated them as our own. Every fire troubling us has eventually been quenched. We have seen the humble dignity of a Washington, the magnificent leadership of a Lincoln, and the innate goodness of an Eisenhower rise up and lead our country forward. Here in America we are emulating the Almighty plan—the brotherhood of man under the fatherhood of God.

"From sea to shining sea."

Everywhere freedom is personified in its very roots: a lonely fishery in Maine, a duplex apartment on Park Avenue, a mining town in Pennsylvania, a tenement in Chicago, a huge ranch in Texas, a lumber camp in Oregon. Different localities, yet everywhere . . . Freedom—America, synonymously the same.

DÉNOUEMENT

KERRY SULLIVAN '57

The arrogant skeleton of the Third Avenue El reaches out block after block with the haunting, spectral beauty of a Byzantine icon: a refuge to the anonymous, forgotten men whose lives once had substance and love and beauty and now have nothing. They grope instinctively, these cast-offs, cripples, alcoholics, for the impersonal strength of the steel pillars.

The old man was hunched over under the harsh glare of a naked street light, counting slowly and with effort. Three sixty-five, three seventy-five, four dollars. A single penny dropped from his hand, clicked metallically on the subway grating, and was lost. The old man stifled a moan. He would have enough without it. A derelict breeze chilled him and he moved slowly on, in drab silhouette, as vagrant men must always seem to move.

The owner of the bookstore was turning out the lights as the old man entered. He turned and shook his head. "I'm closing. Come back tomorrow." "Please," the old man faltered, "I want a book: just one book." The bookseller was tired and irritable but resigned to this sort of thing. "Well, what is it?" " '*Dissolution*,' by Edythe Rodgers. It is her first book." With a glance of frank appraisal, the bookseller announced doubtfully. "It cos's four dollars. Are you sure you have that much money?" The old man nodded his head vigorously in assent, advancing a grimy hand with its precious horde of coins. The transaction was completed quickly and the old man clutched his treasure and left the bookstore.

Emerging into the cacophony of evening traffic, he glimpsed dimly, far down the street, the weathered facade of a church. It took quite some time to hobble down there but at last he lurched painfully up the broken steps and, stopping briefly, removed a battered and dirty hat. The walk down the long middle aisle was tiring. He knelt a moment and lit a candle. He had no money but he lit one anyway. God would understand. One candle, one small prayer, and then the long aisle again. Safe in the very last pew, the old man's trembling hands caressed the little book. It was his at last, and well worth the struggle of saving. He opened it and with what little strength he could muster, turned a few pages. At one page he stopped and gasped in disbelief. It couldn't be, she couldn't remember. But she had. He was silent then and his tear-dimmed gaze never left the page.

A short while later, the Angelus tolled its doleful knell out over the avenue. An elderly priest came into his church and, noticing a still form huddled in the last pew, sighed and shook his head regretfully. This was not unusual. Many of the forgotten men came into his church, some to sleep, some to share their unlamented death with God. The old man was motionless and the priest gave his thin shoulder a tentative shake. A book slid to the floor, the man's hand slipping after it, as if in a lifeless gesture to retrieve a treasure. The priest bent down. The book was open to the dedication page. He paused, glanced at the inscription, then stared reflectively at the old man and finally replaced the book in his hands. Turning silently, he left to notify the authorities that another derelict was dead.

The book was open to the dedication page, and an old man's tears had all but obliterated the simple message, "To my father." At the front of the church, a candle flickered and went out.

MUSING IN THE GARDEN

*Shadows creep over the garden
And night is moving nigh.
The sun has settled down to sleep
The moon is bright and high.
Now lustrous gems are sprinkled
Into the velvet sky
And all alone in the garden
Are you, dear cricket, and I.*

CATHERINE D'EMIC '57

MONOLOGUE

*Awake, old man, and tell me what you know
Of life or death or love. Tell me!
When voices cry too loud too long,
And hands reach out to clutch mine own
Do I raise my voice in turn, clutch as well?
If I should stumble, falter, dazed and weak,
Must I accept a surer ground? Or better . . .
Keep on juggling.
If I am lost and others shout their path
Is clear, must I follow? Speak, man!
You were once as young as I and no doubt
Questioned too. Tell me what am I to do?
You only nod your head and weep.
I see that we are worlds apart.
I shall not weep. I shan't assent.
I'll shout my NO and travel on
Till someone, somewhere answers me.*

CONSTANCE JOHNSON '57

THE CRUCIFIXION

*The sun should shine but the rains come,
The birds should sing but their song is done,
The stars should twinkle but they're dull and dim,
The music should pour but there is no hymn,
The voices should shout but they cannot be found,
The tidings should peal but there is no sound,
The story should unfold but it cannot be told,
The earth should live but it lies dead and cold.*

BEATRICE BASILI '58

THE SKY WAS BLUE TODAY

*The sky was blue today,
It sheltered me, enveloped me,
Like a huge china bowl.
I laughed and clambered all about
My paradise of blue.
I shouted songs of ecstasy,
Until
A neighbor paused and stared,
I stopped ashamed, pretending
That I was not the gleeful one.
And when
I looked above again . . .
The sky was blue no more.*

ANNE BUCKLEY '57

THE RESURRECTION

*A crimson bolt across the blue
A throbbing in the morning dew
Nature slipping to her knees
Embracing Him within a breeze
(Oh burst, thou sun!
Heaven is begun.)*

JANE MAHER '56

THE MESSAGE

EMILIA C. LONGOBARDO '59

"I don't like it," Paul Richards complained as he slipped the clean white envelope into his vest pocket. "Of all places to pick for this thing."

"Just do what you were told and you won't have any trouble," a raspy voice told him.

The hard gleam in the Chief's eyes warned Paul not to say anything else.

"Now tell me what you're supposed to do," the Chief said, waving his fleshy hand in front of Paul.

Paul felt back. He hated being treated like a school child. Sure, it was an important assignment and all that, but didn't they trust him yet? No. They didn't trust anyone.

"Well," said the Chief puffing impatiently on his half-lit cigar. "Have you forgotten?"

"Of course not. I'm to meet Tom Rogers in the little church on the other side of town at one o'clock."

"And not one minute later or earlier," warned the Chief pounding a finger on his wrist watch for emphasis.

"And I'm to sit in the third bench on the left hand side," Paul continued, "pretend I'm deep in prayer, look for Rogers, drop the envelope, and leave."

"All right. And one more thing. This thing is the biggest yet. And everything depends on that message you've got. Tom Rogers is the only man in the state who can decode it. It *must* get to him."

Paul nodded. The Chief didn't have to say the rest. He understood. Slinging his overcoat over one arm, he strode out of the room.

The clock in the store window said 12:15 when Paul stepped off the crosstown bus. He had plenty of time. The church was only a few blocks away. He began to walk.

The sun was streaming across the tops of the dirty tenement buildings. An old, shabbily dressed fruit peddler was advertising his wares at the top of his lungs as he pushed his rickety cart.

Paul had always hated peddlers. They reminded him of poverty, of the slums he had grown up in. Of the sweat-filled factories where an orphan was forced to work endless hours. But for him all that was over now. Soon it would be over for everyone. And this message he was carrying was going to help make it sooner.

Paul glanced at his watch—12:25. Yes, this assignment was really big. The first step in a

major operation. If all went as scheduled, he might be replacing the Chief as head of the outfit before too long. That was what he wanted more than anything else. Anything except his final goal, that is. But there must be no slip-ups. No arguments. Or else they wouldn't trust him. Must keep saying yes whether or not he agreed. It was so hard to do at times. And it made him so angry!

The peddler—why was he looking at him that way? Maybe his clothes were conspicuous in a section like this. No, Paul didn't think that was it. Why was the peddler looking then? Almost with a look of pity.

"Stop that," Paul scolded himself. "Have to think of the job ahead. Shouldn't let little things like that bother me. They wouldn't like it if they knew."

Paul pictured the dumpy, grouchy man that answered to the name of Tom Rogers.

"Tom Rogers—typically American name," Paul thought. "But then most of them are."

The peddler kept staring. Paul's name was typically American too. Only his was real!

It was twenty minutes to one. Paul spotted the church and started to walk across the street. It wasn't bad for a neighborhood like this.

"Whoever thought of this must have some sense of humor," Paul reflected. "A church!"

Two small boys with dirty faces and tattered shoes stopped playing ball on the street to let him pass. Paul felt two pairs of small piercing eyes cutting through him. He wheeled around and smiled at the boys. But they didn't smile back. Just stared.

Paul quickened his pace. What was the matter with these people anyway? Mustn't let it bother him! He walked up the steps of the church. It was early—much too early! Well, he couldn't wait out here. Not with those brats staring at him. He went in.

After the racket in the street, the strange quiet of the place stunned Paul for a second. He leaned against the door, unwilling to go further.

An old woman whose straw grey hair showed under her torn kerchief was bent over in one of the pews. Farther front were two other women. The Chief had said there might be people, but just what did they do here? What had he done a long, long time ago when his mother used to bring him into a place like this? He couldn't remember clearly . . . it had some-

thing to do with praying. Prayer! What a waste of time when so many vital things were waiting to be done.

The old woman was twirling beads around her fingers. It was a long time since Paul had seen anyone do that.

Now she eased to her feet and was treading slowly down the aisle. She stopped at the altar rail and with a trembling hand lit a candle and placed a coin in the box.

"Probably the last nickel she has," Paul thought.

A ray from the misty past flashed across his mind and he saw himself tagging behind a woman dressed in black. She was also lighting a candle and putting her last nickel in the box. His mother had always been lighting candles . . . and praying.

Suddenly he wanted to light a candle too—to make this act look really good. He moved hesitantly toward the side aisle and walked slowly toward the altar. Now what had the old woman done? She had knelt on the rail, Paul knelt. Being on his knees again felt strange. It felt good almost. Paul reminded himself that this was only an act. He wondered what Tom Rogers would say if he saw him now. How could he explain? But no danger of that. It was only ten minutes to.

Now just what did people mumble to themselves when they were up here? They prayed, of course. But how did one go about praying? He had learned a prayer once. How did it go? He couldn't remember.

That cross up there! His mother used to carry one around. His mother! Wouldn't she be proud of him and his assignment! He had worked hard. He was headed for the top. Of course she'd be proud. Wouldn't she? He wanted the answer to be yes. But something told him it was no. No! Wouldn't anyone be proud of him? Surely someone! His friends? But he didn't have time for friends. No one then?

The Man on the cross looked down on him with a pitying look. Almost like the peddler's look. He felt sorry for him. But why? Paul had everything he wanted. Happiness? That had no place in his plans. And his plans were what counted most.

"Stop it now," Paul said almost aloud. "If the Chief ever saw you now he'd never give you another assignment."

Yet, the Man seemed to be smiling on the people behind him. Why didn't he feel sorry for them? They were poor, not him. He was helping to eliminate poverty and create a better world. And someday he'd be a leader of that world.

That cross! His mother used to tell him stories about a great Man who had once lived on earth and had been put to death on a cross for trying to give people a better world. He had

been poor, just like the people in the neighborhood. But He had loved the poor. How could anyone love poverty?

Suddenly it seemed as if he heard her words again—words he hadn't heard in over twenty years.

"Paul," his mother had said, "He died so you and I could be happy and rich forever."

And he had grasped his mother's skirt and cried with childlike curiosity, "How? How can we be rich?"

"By loving our neighbor, Paul, and our enemies too. By being good. By loving the whole world and by trying to help the world."

He hadn't understood then. But now he did. Well, wasn't he trying to help the world? To make a better world? If Paul remembered his stories though, that Man on the cross *had* created a better world. By charity and goodness and justice, not by cruelty and violence like his plan did. But of course, the present condition was only temporary, the means to an end. But was it temporary? Now he wasn't so sure. Because somehow his plan didn't make sense. It was bringing about the exact things it set out to eliminate. Could misery and suffering and poverty be eradicated by slavery and oppression? Of course not. Then the plan was all wrong. So wrong that it was destroying the very world it was trying to save. Paul knew now that his resentment of the Chief, of not being trusted, of having to say yes all the time, of this assignment—was really resentment against the plan he knew couldn't work out.

But if his wasn't the right way, what was? Did the Man up there know the right way? Was it really possible to change the world by love and goodness like his mother had said? Maybe. But wasn't it too late to find out now? Could he give up everything he had worked for, hoped for?

What had he hoped for anyway? A better world. The Man on the cross had tried to create a better world and from the peaceful, tranquil look on the face of the old woman kneeling beside him Paul knew He had succeeded. Paul wanted to succeed too.

If the Man on the cross did know the right way, wasn't it worth finding out?

Tom Rogers would be here any minute to pick up the message.

The candle! Paul had come up here to light a candle. He struck a match—touched it to the candle. He reached into his vest pocket. He watched the yellow flames play with the coded message. He placed the envelope for Tom Rogers in the third pew. He took one last look at the cross and walked out of the church. It was one o'clock.

The two small boys were talking with the peddler. Paul smiled. This time they smiled back.

WORDS



TO THE WISE

LUCILLE WATERS '56

"Let no word escape you unsuitable to the occasion"

It's probably happened to you, it's always happening! You're looking quite professional (the education department would be proud): neat suit, small hat, most sedate expression on your face. Someone equally professional looking, but the real McCoy, asks your reaction to John Child's *Education and the Philosophy of Experimentalism*. You respond, still radiating intelligence,—“fabulous”—“the greatest”—“real gone.” Or you might be quite adamant in your objections to it: “not too cool,” “a real dud.” Horrors! your answers shock even you. Too late, you are publicly stripped of your B plan finery and stand exposed in your knee socks, loafers, plaid skirt, and mangy yellow sweater. Just a few words and the damage has been done.

Or you're spending a quiet evening at home watching James Mason on “The Late Show.” You turn to dear old dad and very innocently comment “Boy, what diction he has, would I ever like to study the kinesiological approach to phonetics through him. And there you sit, in dad's mind's eye, no longer curled up on the couch, but replete in the splendor of academic cap and gown with three Delta Epsilon Sigma shields flowing in the breeze. You've done it again.

Someday you'll learn.

“Eat, drink and be merry” . . .

For Lent is over! It seems that you could tell by the pained look on faces just which select few had reached the starving age of twenty-one. For six weeks you saw them at St. Joe's, stuffing themselves at every meal (in anticipation of the long stretch until the next meal). They smiled apathetically over their cream cheese when the fragrant aroma of hamburgers reached them in Murken's. They were a sad lot, new to this business of fasting.

But let's give credit where credit is due. At least our loudly lamenting martyrs were truly observing the lenten fast. So few Catholics seem to be aware of their obligations during this penitential season. They make some sacrifice, it's true, but they seem to think that fasting is an *arbitrary* good work or deprivation. It's a tragedy that so many people are so far from an understanding of their religious obligations throughout the year.

"We cannot all be noblemen, there must be some to do the work."

And here we are. Summer vacation approaches and many of us will go back to our office jobs for a few hot months. I've heard that office work is stifling, it numbs the brain, it's boring. I, for one, would like to cast my vote for that blissful interlude in every school year. Take my job, for instance. It's relaxing but never dull. First, I balance accounts for two or three hours in the morning. (It should take about forty minutes but I'm not too bright.) During the rest of the day I send in applications for the surrender of insurance policies. While these projects are going on I'm also answering the telephone. This is by far the most enjoyable part of my job. Let me recount for you a typical conversation.

Caller (with a very heavy accent): "My agent hasn't called to collect my insurance. Let me speak to him."

Me (in a most pleasant voice): "What is his name, sir?"

Caller: "He usually calls on Wednesday."

Me: (still very pleasant): "Do you know his name, sir?"

Caller: He's a tall man.

Me: "If you don't know your agent's name will you tell me where you live? I can find out who covers your block."

Caller: "mm mm brrr."

Me: "I'm sorry, I can't understand what you're saying."

Caller: "mm mm brrr."

Me: "Will you spell that for me, please?" (I'm not familiar with the district and he has a terrific accent)

Caller (extremely annoyed): "How am I supposed to know how to spell it? Put my agent on the phone."

Who can say that office work is dull—or that truth isn't stranger than fiction?

"Leisure without literature is death—"

So if you're the type who likes to live it up during the summer, now is a good time to start thinking about just what books you intend to get lost in. First, a word to English majors! Have you been submerged in naturalism all term? Try Louisa May Alcott's *Eight Cousins*. It might be just your speed this summer. Has world drama confused you? Has experimentalism in the theatre left you bewildered? Try the Nancy Drew mystery series, you'll find them a real challenge. To those of you who have not darkened the doors of English classes with any intention nobler than that of getting in required courses, my advice is a little different. Make it a point to read something worthwhile this summer; you might even ask the English department for the reading lists they use in American lit or drama.

—Oops, before I forget—if you're the type who likes to read something brief and light in a subway ride's sitting, or something you won't have to think about too much, ask someone for *The Story* by Shorer. It's really delightful; *just reading for sheer pleasure*.

"What is good is never too abundant"

It seems to me that Don Quixote had a point especially that "never too abundant" part. Have you ever wished you could stretch a good deed out? (Being very pragmatic, of course) Going home from school in the afternoon you help a little old lady cross the street. Does anyone see you? Of course not. Or you're feeling pretty magnanimous and decide to help Mom with the spring cleaning. Does C.B.S. broadcast the news to the world? No, it goes into the archives of good deeds, never to be discovered by mankind. And rightly so, because when you come right down to it you haven't done these things for public acclaim. But cut a class some day (if you never have) and you'll soon get recognition for it; before the day is done you're bound to meet the teacher whose class you've slighted. Or try finishing your tuna fish sandwich on the way to Murken's. Before you reach Clinton and DeKalb you've met at least three faculty members and on a really good day, you might even pass the Bishop. We're not looking for medals, truly! But is there no justice in the world?

CANDLES IN THE LITURGY

DIANA BONETTI '58

"I am the light of the world"—(John 9:5)

The ever growing interest in liturgical art is one of the encouraging symptoms of present day Catholicism in this country. Upon realizing how to appreciate the place of liturgical worship in our religion, we are led further to express that appreciation in terms of Beauty.

However, we deem it necessary to be guided by two considerations concerning the aspect of Beauty: liturgical correctness and good taste, which should determine all points relating to ecclesiastical functions or practices. To the aesthetes, the liturgy was no more than a pageant, a decorated piece of drama which disguised the firmest foundations for personal piety and holiest endeavors. To the commercialists, the liturgy was a threat to money making profits if the ugliness of the standardized factory products were beheld as dishonorable.

But since Beauty and Truth are one, so too have the religious interest and the aesthetic interest been harmoniously united to form the uniqueness that is liturgical art. The relation between them is found in all periods of great art and originates with the ceremonial use of lights . . . ancient and widespread. The symbolic purpose of candles in all churches is not to dispel darkness, but to transmit a visible sign of joy.

Light is itself an object of worship in the Brahman and Parsi religions. It figures prominently as part of a ceremonial in the Hindu Festival of Dwali, and in the Kaa'ba in Mecca. The ancient Incas of Peru had their Sacred Fire. In the Jewish ritual, lights were employed before the Holy of Holies, and in the Outer Court the Holy Fire was never suffered to go out. Moreover, illumination formed part of the ritual in the Feast of Tabernacles, and after the return from the Babylonian Captivity, each synagogue had a lamp which was never extinguished. The Greeks worshipped light in the Torch Race, and the belief of the immortality of Athena, in the Parthenon at Athens, was professed by a display of lights. In Egypt, lights were ever kept burning before the statues of Isis. In the Roman Empire, lights were usually used as a mark of respect to civil functionaries—a practice such as officials preceded by attendants bearing tapers. This is probably the source of our custom of bearing lighted candles before a priest or bishop entering the Sanctuary.

Prior to the fifth century, liturgical lights were unknown in the Western Church. The lamps found in niches in the Roman Catacombs may not be adduced in evidence of liturgical lighting since they were probably intended solely to illuminate the dark passages, and the thousands of candelabra presented by Constantine to the Lateran Basilica were evidently intended to enhance the beauty of the building, not for any strictly liturgical purpose. Ultimately, the Christians came to adopt symbolic lighting. St. Jerome inaugurated the use of the Paschal Candle and instituted the feast of the Purification. During these functions, light, in the form of the symbolic candle, plays the essential role. While we know that the use of light as a part of religious observance is not peculiar to the Catholic Church, we continue—and rightly so—to attach to it a sacred significance.

Although in the Roman Rite, there is no regulation regarding the size of candles, they must however be made of beeswax to the extent of at least fifty-one percent. The use of beeswax originates from the supposed virginity of the bee, their wax being taken as a symbol of the Body of the Redeemer derived from His Virgin Mother . . . an interpretation which retains its beauty, even though the biological concept underlying it has long since been rejected.

Rules for the number of candles to be used by a prelate offering Mass are also, in a sense, symbolic, since they are based on the relative dignity of the Celebrant. The employment of candles at certain occasions symbolizes distinct moods. For example, unbleached candles are used at a Requiem Mass or on Ash Wednesday to signify mournfulness, and since bleached candles are higher in tone scale, they are used on happy occasions to intrude a note of joy.

We see therefore, in the liturgical candle, a depiction of Beauty and Truth symbolizing Christian hope . . . Christian joy . . . a zeal for Christian charity . . . and ultimately, the fervent prayer which rises to Heaven as a flame.

"So let your light shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father, Who is in Heaven." (Matthew 5:15-16)

BARBARA WARD — Apostle Of Freedom

JOAN COSTA '57

The sprightly brown-eyed woman who stepped off the train and was soon lost in the crowd and confusion of the station attracted no attention. She hurried to a taxi, gave an address and settled back to study a few notes. This unassuming woman had been called, "one of the most widely read and influential persons in the entire world." The taxi pulled up in front of the lecture hall where placards announced that the lecture for the day would be given by Barbara Ward, author and foreign editor of the British weekly, "Economist." She would speak on the role of Catholicism in the modern world.



Economy and world affairs were far from the mind of the little girl who attended the Convent of Jesus and Mary at Felixstowe in Suffolk, England where her father practiced law. She was much more interested in her singing lessons and her dreams of a career in music. But when she had studied in France and Germany and came to Somerville College, Oxford, she found herself fascinated with politics, philosophy and world affairs. Her pleasant soprano voice was heard less often now and music became her avocation.

In 1937 she began working on the "Economist" and showed the enthusiastic, determined

spirit that was to characterize all her work. With the conviction that she could wield great influence as a writer Barbara Ward became a crusader for the Sword of the Spirit movement started by the late Cardinal Hensley "to remind English Catholics of the fifth precept of Pope Pius' encyclical which enveighed against the division of the world into have and have-not nations." With this spirit pervading her work Miss Ward was active in the British Ministry of Information during the war years. She wrote constantly and in 1943 joined the British Broadcasting Company to appear on a program called "Brain Trust," a panel discussion of current events similar to the "American Forum of the Air." The world began to notice Barbara Ward. It saw a woman with keen intelligence and insight into the conditions of a war torn world and heard her defend the primacy of spiritual values. In a newspaper poll this unpretentious Catholic girl from Suffolk was rated second among the nation's public speakers.

On her several trips to the United States Miss Ward was well received when she lectured on the Sword of the Spirit and Democracy and Christ in Britain. In 1946 she became the youngest governor of the British Broadcasting Company and returned to the United States in 1947 to lecture and again in 1949 to receive an honorary L.L.D. degree from Smith College. When she addressed the New York State Chamber of Commerce she became the only woman besides Clare Booth Luce to do so in two hundred years.

Just last year Miss Ward, since 1950 Mrs. G. A. Jackson, wife of Commander G. A. Jackson of Australia, published her newest and most widely acclaimed book *Faith and Freedom*. In it she presents her policy for a free world and precisely interprets the history of our times and looks "for the right roads to a better future." Her ideas are original and searching and she believes "that the source of any real freedom is the faith which Christ brought into the world and which the West had to preserve and spread over the globe."

Today when anyone who thinks and even those who don't have opinions on Communism and the way to peace and world freedom opinions based on fact are few and far between. This serves to point up the value of Barbara Ward's competent opinion. Not only is she a staunch Catholic with great faith in Western civiliza-

tion but she is also a recognized economist and she always speaks as an economist, avoiding a narrow approach by giving full recognition to the contributions of other cultures. In setting forth her plan for the future she starts with the premise that Communism is the greatest menace to freedom today and states that we must resist in a positive way. Again and again she expresses her faith in man. "The ideas and aspirations of Western man are still the most startling thing that has happened to the human race. Stalin's views of man and society are by comparison, mortally static and archaic."

Barbara Ward is deeply convinced that faith in God is necessary for freedom. The way to peace can only be found "in the light of man's

spiritual history." She reminds us that "not only saints and mystics but also poets and scientists can lead us to God."

Weekends may find her bicycling down a country lane or working in the garden. This woman who has been called "as radiant and unaffected as a girl at a picnic" is equally at home in front of a microphone and on a bicycle. She has achieved eminence in a field which few women and even fewer Catholic women have attempted to enter. As a respected economist and truly Catholic woman she has used her wide influence to spread God's truth and her work has been characterized as "that which no one but herself with her particular gifts and talents could have done." Everyone can do as much . . . no one can do more.

DICHOTOMY OF THE HEART

*Love is discerning
Hate is discerning,
And the pendulum swing
Needs but a soft fling.
Each is discreet
Each is an art,
A subtle passion to make
Or to break any heart.
One is creative
The other destructive,
Yet we break to love
And make to hate.
Love is discerning
Hate is discerning,
One will die fast
The other, not last.
Each is discreet
Each is an art,
Too few understand
But none can withstand,
One is creative
The other destructive,
To love is to hate;
To hate is love late.*

VIRGINIA MOSCA '57

introducing the contributors to **LORIA**

FRANCES BRACKEN '57

The Spring issue of *Loria* welcomes a new editor and many new members to its staff. Lucille Waters contributes both efficiency and her artistic touch to *Loria*. Lucille is new editor-in-chief and is continuing her column "Words to the Wise."

Anita LaFemina who designed the cover is new art editor.

Loria's new fiction editor for the spring issue is Frances Bracken. Beatrice Basili whose contributions are always original and interesting continues to display her talent. In this issue Beatrice writes a poem and a short story.

Diana Bonetti, a new columnist for *Loria*, makes her debut in this issue. Diana writes a column on book news plus an article on "Candles in the Liturgy."

Loria's efficient poet, Anne Buckley, whose own poetry graces the pages of *Loria*, edited the poetry for the spring issue.

Brenda Buckley, a sophomore English major contributes another essay to *Loria*. "Companions of Emmaus" shows Brenda's ingenuity and enthusiasm as did her past contributions.

Editor of articles and essays, Joan Costa's own articles are always interesting. For this issue, Joan writes about one of the most outstanding contemporary women, Barbara Ward.

An artist well known at St. Joseph's and one whose work has appeared before in *Loria*, Margaret Connors illustrates both an article and a short story for this issue.

Catherine D'Emic who is interested both in the poet and in his poetry contributes another of her own poems to *Loria*. It is a poem for Spring and the Spring issue.

A new contributor to *Loria*, Barbara Germack, a history major, realizes the opportunity and beauty found in America. She conveys her thoughts well in her essay "America the Beautiful."

Many on *Loria's* staff would be artists in conflict with their environment if Carol Hadek were not the business manager. She is assisted by Joan Aberbach, Sally Belmont, Carole Imbrioli and Jane Murray who help her settle *Loria's* finances.

A staff member of *Loria*, and a contributor to the poetry page, Constance Johnson is not a new contributor but always a contributor with new ideas and views. Her poem for this issue is "Monologue." Not only has Mary Johnson written a short story called "Hour of Decision," but Mary finally reached her own hour of decision and displayed her literary talents.

Emilia Longobardo, a freshman contributor to *Loria*, is continuing to develop her writing ability. Emilia was editor of her high school paper. Her short story for *Loria* is "The Message," intriguing and suspenseful.

In the spirit of the Spring season Jane Maher has written a poem, "The Resurrection." Jane is a newcomer to *Loria* who has waited until her junior year to break into print.

No Thomas would doubt that Monica Mangan's article on Dylan Thomas is excellent. A freshman interested in English, Monica writes on the poet she thinks one of the best of the twentieth century.

An English major who has turned her thoughts to things of love, Virginia Mosca contributes another one of her poems to *Loria*. In this issue Virginia writes "Dichotomy of the Heart."

Kerry Sullivan, interested in English and French, combines her talents for her first publication in *Loria*. "Dénouement" is a short story which we hope is only the beginning of Kerry's contributions.

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